Jurassic Park 4
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JP4 by Sayles

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

We DRIFT over a scene of Saturday afternoon Americana, a Little League baseball game and cookout at the town FIELD of a peaceful suburban community-

GROUND LEVEL - PICNIC AREA

A DAD in a grease-spattered apron flips steaks, burgers and dogs on the grill with a long-handled fork-

PARKING LOT - YAPPY DOG

A little YAPPY DOG scoots around BARKING with apoplectic fury at the end of its leash, secured to gardening stake whacked into the ground at the edge of the parking lot-

BLEACHERS

PARENTS CHEER their children on-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Come on, Joshua, rip the cover off the ball!

TIMMY'S FATHER
Buckle down, fellas! On your toes out there!

Joshua's mother sits with little REBECCA, no more than two or three years old, standing on the bleacher seats beside her, and her bespectacled son BENJAMIN immersed in a Harry Potter book on the other side. Behind her is a VIDEO ENTHUSIAST parent, recording everything with a high-end VIDEO CAMERA-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Come on, honey, lay into it! (nudging Benjamin) Benjamin, stop reading, your brother's up-

BENJAMIN
I'm aware of that, Mother.

We PAN to the FIELD just as JOSHUA swings and hits a grounder between first and second-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Run! Run! Run!

RIGHT FIELD

The ball continues into RIGHT FIELD, where little TIMMY, not major league material, lets it roll between his legs, turns and kicks it a few times before finally picking it up and launching an anemic throw toward the infield, to the chorus of-

TEAMMATES
Throw it! Throw the ball! Throw it!

INFIELD

The ball is retrieved by the first baseman, who hurls it to the shortstop covering second, but Joshua is already standing happily on top of the bag. The PITCHER is furious, yelling out to Timmy-

PITCHER
All you got to do is pick it up and throw it! You're such a spaz!

COACH (O.S.)
Hey, none of that!

We PAN to see the COACH standing in front of the BENCH of the team in the field-

COACH
I'll handle the coaching, here!

PITCHER
Do we have to have him out there?

COACH
Just get back on the mound, Mister.

The Pitcher kicks the dirt and returns to the mound, as the Coach turns angrily to Timmy-

COACH
Keep your head down on those grounders and throw ahead of the runner! You're out there pickin daisies!

BLEACHERS

Timmy's father puts his head in his hands, humiliated-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
He got a double!

BENJAMIN
(still reading) A single and an error.

PITCHER'S FATHER
That kid in right couldn't catch a cold in flu season.

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Come on, Eli, bring him in!

RIGHT FIELD

Timmy dejectedly walks back to his position. A large SHADOW sweeps over him-

PARKING LOT - YAPPY DOG

Yappy Dog is yapping, yapping, then senses something above and freezes, looking up. He starts to WHIMPER-

BLEACHERS

Little Rebecca is looking up into the sky, fascinated-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Good eyes, Eli! Way to look!

REBECCA
(points) Look, Mommy, birdy-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
(not looking up) This is your pitch now! Get some aluminum on it!

REBECCA
Birdy, Mommy, birdy-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
(still not looking) That's nice, honey.

FIELD

The pitch- CLINK! Eli lifts a very high pop-up into- oh no- right field!

BLEACHERS

TIMMY'S FATHER
Get under it son! You got it Timmy!

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Drop it! Drop it! Drop it!

RIGHT FIELD

Timmy unsteadily wobbles under the pop-up, everyone on and off the field SHOUTING instructions at him-

SKY - BASEBALL

The baseball keeps rising, rising- FWOOSH! A huge black PTEROSAUR swoops out of the heights and snatches the ball in its razor-toothed bill, then wings away with powerful strokes!

TIMMY

Frozen in amazement, glove still ready for the ball that won't be coming down for him to drop-

BLEACHERS

The SPECTATORS are stunned speechless, gaping up at the sky. Little Rebecca giggles-

REBECCA
<u>Big</u> birdy!

PICNIC AREA

The barbecuing Dad stands frozen with a half-done steak suspended on his fork, trying to make sense of what he just saw-

BARBECUE DAD

What the-

FWAP! Another PTEROSAUR swoops down from behind and snatches the steak off his fork!

BARBECUE DAD

Hey!

BLEACHERS

We shoot from behind the bleachers toward the field and the sky above it. A BLACK SHAPE takes form, winging in over the fence in center field-

REVERSE

The Spectators are standing up, concerned-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER

(pointing) Look! Up in the sky! It's a- a-

BENJAMIN

(interested now) It's some sort of pterosaur, Mother.

JOSHUA'S MOTHER

IT'S COMING AT US!

Joshua's Mother grabs little Rebecca and ducks with all the Spectators as the PTEROSAUR buzzes the bleachers, SQUAWKING with menace! Only the Video Enthusiast and Benjamin remain standing-

BENJAMIN

There's a whole flock of them, though 'flock' might not be the right word-

Joshua's Mother grabs his arm and yanks him down, turns screaming to the field-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER

Joshua, run! Run!

FIELD

It looks like a WWI dogfight over the infield, a half-dozen PTEROSAURS wheeling and swooping, SQUAWKING hellaciously, the LITTLE LEAGUERS scrambling in all directions-

JOSHUA

Joshua begins to run down the basepath towards third, a PTEROSAUR flapping after him. As he rounds third the beast makes a lunge, narrowly missing the boy with its talons. Joshua sprints toward home plate and his mother in the bleachers beyond, the pterosaur wheeling and pursuing-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER

Standing with her daughter in arms now, screaming out-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Run, Joshua, run! Slide!

JOSHUA

Just as the PTEROSAUR makes another snatch for him Joshua slides under its grasp and across home plate! The pterosaur streaks past, busting partially through the nylon mesh of the backstop, SQUAWKING and struggling as it becomes entangled-

PARKING LOT - AERIAL SHOT

We SWOOP down from above at the no longer yapping Yappy Dog-

DOG

The dog WHIMPERS, takes a hard run- THOONK! and pulls the stake clear out of the ground, scampering away with it trailing him till- FWACK! the swooping PTEROSAUR scoops it up and swallows it, flapping away with the leash and stake dangling from its bill!

PICNIC AREA

FAMILY MEMBERS running every whichway as they are dive-bombed by PTEROSAURS-

A PTEROSAUR crouches on a blanket on the ground, wolfing down the abandoned picnic food-

Barbecue Dad fends one flying menace off with his long fork, then dives under a PICNIC TABLE for refuge-

FIELD

General panic on the field. The Pitcher has been standing petrified on the mound throughout, too scared to run or even lie down-

His Father is starting out to him from the sidelines, much impeded by swooping, SQUAWKING PTEROSAURS-

PITCHER'S FATHER
Just stay right there, Alex! I'm coming for you!

But a PTEROSAUR does a Stuka-dive over the backstop and FWAP! grabs the boy by the shoulders, lifting him away-

PITCHER'S FATHER
NO!!!

The flying beast flaps hard, trying to get some altitude, lugging the Pitcher only a few feet off the ground as it heads straight toward Timmy in right field!

Timmy's Father is running out toward him, aluminum BASEBALL BAT in hand-

TIMMY'S FATHER
Grab him, Timmy! Grab him!

TIMMY

Timmy pulls his glove off, estimates, then jumps just as the PTEROSAUR is starting to lift off, grabbing the Pitcher's legs with both arms! The extra weight pulls the beast down close enough to the ground that WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Timmy's father can start whomping it with the bat. The pterosaur lets the Pitcher go, he and Timmy tumbling to the ground, then flaps away CROAKING a DISTRESS CALL-

The Pitcher's father and Timmy's father help the boys up-

TIMMY'S FATHER
Nice grab, son. Way to use your head.

The VIDEO ENTHUSIAST steps past them, pointing his camera to the sky-

VIDEO ENTHUSIAST
I think they're leaving!

We PAN to see what he's taping- a PHALANX of PTEROSAURS winging away together-

INFIELD

We TRACK through freaked-out Little Leaguers and their freaked-out parents, trying to comfort them, till we reach home plate where Joshua's Mother is on her knees hugging Joshua as little Rebecca and Benjamin stand by-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
Oh, Joshua, that was wonderful!
You were so brave!

BENJAMIN
He didn't touch third.

She gives her bookworm son a withering look-

JOSHUA'S MOTHER
This is the last baseball game I
take you to, young man.

BENJAMIN
(brightening) Promise?

BACKSTOP

The thoroughly enmeshed PTEROSAUR caught in the backstop netting SCREAMS in frustration-

INT. BEACH BAR - DAY - CU TELEVISION SCREEN

We start on a TV NEWS image of the struggling PTEROSAUR, wrapped in cut-away backstop netting and with a plastic RESTRAINT holding its bill shut, being carefully carried past shell-shocked LITTLE LEAGUERS and PARENTS by a pair of black-uniformed SWAT TEAM members-

TV NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)
The attack, the first occurring
within U.S. territory, left several
people badly shaken but resulted in
no serious injuries.

We switch to hand-held HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE shot by the Enthusiast at the game- swooping pterosaurs, screaming humans-

TV NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)
Similar incidents have plagued communities in Central America and Mexico in recent months, leading to the formation of a United Nations task force to exterminate the intrusive pterosaurs.

We switch to more professional footage of a pair of little COMPSOGNATHUS floating on a natural raft of coconut shells and other debris on the OCEAN-

TV NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)
These and a few other formerly extinct species have migrated to the mainland-

TV IMAGE - an AERIAL SHOT of ISLA NUBLAR-

TV NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)
-from Isla Nublar, site of the notorious Jurassic Park disaster-

TV IMAGE - a dusty street in a CENTRAL AMERICAN TOWN. A FLOCK of scrawny CHICKENS run underfoot in a panic, PEDESTRIANS jump onto cars as a small band of COMPSOGNATHUS dart around after the chickens. A big hen goes down, FEATHERS flying as the compys dive onto it-

TV NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)
-causing untold damage to crops and livestock. Wilhelm Speiler-

A business-suited corporate flak-catcher, SPEILER, appears on screen standing before a large CORPORATE LOGO-

TV NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)
-spokesman for Grendel Corporation, the Swiss firm now responsible for the island, had this to say-

SPEILER (TV)
(slight Swiss accent) Our eradication of the genetically engineered creatures at the former Jurassic Park is nearly complete. We believe that these current depredations-

REVERSE - NICK

NICK HARRIS, a currently unemployed soldier of fortune, watches the TV sceptically as he stands at the counter of a BEACHFRONT BAR-

SPEILER (TV)
-can be attributed to animals that escaped the island before we at Grendel took possession of it.

Harris pushes aside his empty whiskey glass and steps away-

NICK
Right, buddy-

SPEILER (V.O.)
We can only regret that we were not given the opportunity to respond to this situation earlier.

EXT. BEACHFRONT BAR/BOARDWALK - DAY

Harris squints as the sun hits him. He has a day-old stubble on his face and the air of a man who's unhappily killing time. We TRACK with him as he moves down the BOARDWALK past various BEACH TYPES. A SHADOW drifts over him. He looks up-

POV - SKY

Swooping low overhead are two, no, three-- PELICANS. Similar outline but without the size and the teeth-

OVERTON (O.S.)
Nick?

BOARDWALK

JEB OVERTON, wearing a quasi-military UNIFORM, approaches Nick with a halting gait-

OVERTON
It's you, right?

Nick looks him over, smiles slightly-

NICK
Captain Overton.

OVERTON
(embarrassed) I look more like Captain Crunch in this outfit. I haven't seen you since--

He doesn't finish the sentence. The place they last saw each other is not one either wishes to reminisce about-

NICK
Yeah.

OVERTON
Have you heard from any of the guys?

NICK
Haven't been in the loop for a while.

OVERTON
Wilkens drove his car off a cliff. DeStefano-- well, peacetime is rough for a lot of people.

NICK
How bout you?

OVERTON
Oh, I'm the bionic security guard.

He hitches up his pants slightly to reveal his ankles- CHROMIUM prosthetics.

Both legs are artificial below the knees-

OVERTON
State of the art. I'm in charge of the lock-up over at the aviary-

He indicates the large HUMMINGBIRD PATCH on the breast pocket of his uniform-

OVERTON
-this, like, giant zoo for birds-

NICK
I always said you were for the birds.

OVERTON
(grins) Listen, are you still- con<u>sul</u>ting?

NICK
(grim) Haven't had a contract in three years.

OVERTON
But if there was one, good money, a little travel, a little adventure-

NICK
You've been looking for me.

OVERTON
More or less.

Harris looks out over the beach. Lots of people having fun-

NICK
It's not exactly a stepping-stone to bigger and better things, what we do, is it?

He sighs, resigned-

NICK
Who's it for?

OVERTON
Well- he's kind of strange-

EXT. AVIARY - DAY - EMU

An EMU faces us in threat posture, the big, flightless bird making a deep THUMPING noise as it vibrates its massive chest-

JOHN HAMMOND (O.S.)
They can get rather territorial in captivity.

REVERSE

Nick and JOHN HAMMOND stroll down a pathway through a section of high grass in the AVIARY. High above them is a domed CEILING of net, all around are outcroppings of foliage and busy BIRDS. A sturdy NURSE follows them several yards behind-

JOHN HAMMOND
Of course it doesn't put me in the best of moods, either.

NICK
You're not in captivity.

Hammond shoots a quick look back to the nurse-

JOHN HAMMOND
You just can't see the chains. My late heir managed to get me declared incompetent, my minders are bribed to spy upon me for my enemies-

NICK
You have enemies?

JOHN HAMMOND
Did you know that I am the most-sued person in the history of the world? It's in the Guinness Book, you could look it up. Prominent law schools devote entire semesters to my malfeasances, regulatory statutes bear my name- not the legacy I had in mind when I started out, but a legacy nonetheless.

They pass some beautiful ROSEATE SPOONBILLS wading through a shallow pond-

JOHN HAMMOND
We look back at our lives and we try to tally up the things we are proud of against the regrets-- do you have regrets, Mr. Harris?

NICK
(nods) More than a few.

JOHN HAMMOND
At the moment, my greatest regret, other than having spawned the careers of thousands of tort lawyers, is having put an evil into the world that may become permanent- an evil that must be eliminated before it spirals out of control.

NICK
Your dinosaurs.

JOHN HAMMOND
(smiles) Yes. My dinosaurs. How much do you know about them?

NICK
(shrugs) Most of them have been wiped out. A couple species have been making a nuisance of themselves-

JOHN HAMMOND
Whenever a new organism, especially a predator with no natural enemies, is introduced into an ecosystem, the result is disastrous.

NICK
Pest control isn't in my line-

JOHN HAMMOND
I'm not proposing you run about with a butterfly net, Mr. Harris. The most effective weapon against any species is its own behavior- particularly its reproductive behavior. Take a population of any wild animal and introduce a number of highly aggressive but reproductively-neutered individuals within it- a 'Judas strain', so to speak-

NICK
Cuts down on the birth rate.

JOHN HAMMOND
Who better to locate our errant creatures than their almost identical kin-

NICK
Why not give them diseases, too?

JOHN HAMMOND
Viruses mutate faster than lawsuits, I'm afraid. Too much risk they'd begin to affect other species. But a large influx of young, aggressive, sterile but sexually attractive females-

NICK
Sounds like a college boy's dream-

JOHN HAMMOND
And the only solution, I believe, to our present crisis.

NICK
Sounds good to me.

JOHN HAMMOND
But not to the United Nations. They've laughed off my proposals, outlawed not only the creation of any new dinosaurs, sterile or not, but also prohibited the world-wide mining, sale or possession of amber-

NICK
No little mosquitoes trapped in tree sap-

JOHN HAMMOND
-means no basic genetic material to work with.

NICK
But even if you had these genes, you couldn't-

JOHN HAMMOND
Among the people on the board of this aviary, funded through a trust I set up before my legal difficulties began, are some of the finest genetic scientists in the world. People who would be happy to risk implementing my plan- if a source of the vital DNA could be located.

NICK
Something tells me you've found one.

JOHN HAMMOND
I didn't find it, I left it behind. A former employee of mine, a Mr. Nedry-

INT. JURASSIC PARK LABORATORY - **FLASHBACK**

We see NEDRY opening a safety vault disguised as an AEROSOL CAN and sticking pilfered tubes of dinosaur embryo into it-

JOHN HAMMOND (V.O.)
-at the behest of one of my more unscrupulous competitors, conspired to steal a large quantity of genetic material, enough to engender at least forty species, from our laboratory at the Park. It was his misfortune, however-

EXT. ROAD - ISLA NUBLAR - RAINY NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Nedry's vehicle slides out of control in the torrential downpour, leaving the road and coming to rest, stuck in the muck-

JOHN HAMMOND (V.O.)
-to attempt this clandestine transaction during a- a period a severe technical malfunction at the facility.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Nedry faces off with a large, curious *Chlamydosaurus Sputori* ('spitting frilled lizard' or 'Spitter'). Its FRILLS pop up and it HAWKS a throatful of nasty black stuff into Nedry's face-

JOHN HAMMOND (V.O.)
We were forced to abandon the island before his exact fate-

Nedry runs back into his vehicle, but the SPITTER leaps in after him. Thrashing, BLOOD-

JOHN HAMMOND (V.O.)
-or that of the material he had stolen could be determined.

We PAN to the abandoned aerosol can, swept away by a rivulet of rainwater and quickly covered with muck-

EXT. AVIARY - DAY - **PRESENT**

SONGBIRDS flit about in the branches all around them as they approach the rustic-built SNACK BAR-

NICK
But the people who took over the island-

JOHN HAMMOND
Grendel International. If they had found it they wouldn't be constantly pressuring me to reveal its whereabouts. I have good reason to believe they might be the people who engaged Nedry in his betrayal.

NICK
Why would they want dinosaur genes?

JOHN HAMMOND
I shudder to think.

Hammond looks over the menu hanging above the snack bar counter-

JOHN HAMMOND
Major Overton tells me you're an expert in covert operations.

NICK
I was trained as a Navy Seal. I've been involved in- missions, in and out of uniform.

JOHN HAMMOND
We know the sector Nedry was in when he disappeared. The stolen material seems to have been hidden in an aerosol can of some sort-

NICK
Deodorant.

JOHN HAMMOND
Given the state of Nedry's personal hygiene, I doubt it. We can provide you with a map-

NICK
There aren't any dinosaurs left on the island?

JOHN HAMMOND
Grendel International claim to have-restored equilibrium. They maintain a small security force there to discourage trespassers-

NICK
So I go there and I steal this-

JOHN HAMMOND
Re<u>claim</u>-

NICK
I bring this can of DNA back to you.

JOHN HAMMOND
Captain Overton will be your contact.

Hammond scribbles a number on a snack bar order pad, flashes it to Nick, all the time wary of the approaching nurse. We see lots of zeros-

JOHN HAMMOND
You will be amply rewarded for your risk, of course, with a generous bonus if you succeed. So?

Nick considers, nods, resigned-

NICK
I've done worse for less.

JOHN HAMMOND
(beaming) Excellent! Now- would you care for a sundae?

EXT. ISLA NUBLAR - DAY

We start with an AERIAL SHOT of Isla Nublar in the distance across the water, then TILT DOWN to see a small local FISHING BOAT in the FG-

FISHING BOAT

Overton is there, checking a GPS instrument, as the boat's owner, RAMÍREZ, deals with a NET thrown over the side facing the island-

OVERTON
This is the legal limit. There's a couple patrol boats we'll hear from if we drift any closer.

We PAN to see Nick, sitting on the deck beside the cabin (which blocks him from view from the island) and pulling on the last of his black SCUBA GEAR-

NICK
Give me ten minutes and then pull out. You sure about this pilot?

OVERTON
They're used to seeing his plane around the coast. Eco-tours.

Nick nods and pushes a camouflaged RAFT full of supplies overboard, clipping a nylon line attached to it to the back of his belt. Ramírez comes over to watch as Nick lowers his mask and sits backwards on the gunwale-

RAMIREZ
Buena suerte, Señor.

Nick nods, falls backward into the water and disappears. They watch the raft begin to pull away. Ramírez crosses himself-

RAMIREZ
Que Dios le proteja.

EXT. BEACH - ISLA NUBLAR

The BEACH looks inviting- gentle waves, strip of white sand, a fringe of palm trees, little CRABS scuttling among the fallen coconuts. Suddenly Nick sits up in the surf, quickly pulling off his flippers and mask and hustling across the sand to the shelter of the palms, dragging the supply raft behind him-

PALMS

Very precise, very *Mission Impossible*, Nick strips off the wet suit, opens the raft supply compartment. Boots on, backpack, GPS UNIT and LAMINATED MAP on a lanyard over his neck, then the weapons- automatic combat SHOTGUN, small PACK RIFLE with silencer, .50-caliber PISTOL in one holster and cell phone in the other-

Nick crouches, sticks a HOMING DEVICE, as yet unarmed, into the sand at the edge of the tree-line. He trots off into the jungle-

EXT. JUNGLE - PATH - DAY

Nick moves quickly down an extremely overgrown PATHWAY, passing oddly-canted LAMP POSTS and torn, rusted sections of metal FENCING.

This used to be the tourist track through the park. He stops abruptly, listens- the usual Tarzan-movie JUNGLE SOUNDS, nothing you couldn't hear on vacation. He checks his GPS, then trots away.

We HOLD, then TILT UP the nearby LAMP POST to see a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA mounted near the top, swivelling to follow Nick's movement-

JUNGLE

We shoot from GROUND LEVEL as Nick approaches from some distance, vaulting over a HOLE at the base of a gnarly-rooted tree.

We HOLD on the hole for a moment. A large, black, four-fingered REPTILE HAND emerges, CLAWS gripping the earth!

CLEARING

Nick is off the pathway now, moving through thick jungle till he reaches a small CLEARING. He checks his map and GPS. He sees something, climbs a slight rise, pushes away some tall weeds. An abandoned, rusted-out 4-wheel-drive VEHICLE. Nick yanks a torn flap of canvas away to reveal-

Nedry's SKELETON! Bony fingers still clutching the steering wheel. A SMALL LIZARD scuttles out through one of the eye sockets in the SKULL-

NICK
(regarding skeleton) Looks like you've dropped a few pounds.

He rapidly searches the interior of the vehicle- seats, floor, glove compartment- nothing but a FLASHLIGHT and a lot of old CANDY WRAPPERS. He steps away, surveying the ground around him-

BACKPACK

The backpack thumps to the ground. Nick upzips it and pulls out pieces of a disassembled METAL DETECTOR. An ANIMAL SCREAM from back in the trees- Nick listens. Quiet again. He glances at his watch, begins to assemble the metal detector-

GROUND - LATER

We see the metal detector disc sweeping over the ground-

WIDER

Nick, T-shirt soaked through with sweat, has set up a GRID with wooden stakes and string. He is working a section several yards down from the vehicle, at the edge of a shallow little STREAM. He pauses, wipes sweat off his forehead. On a whim he reaches the detector arm over the string and passes the disc over a little mud-bar in the center of the stream. The machine CRACKLES.

Nick drops the detector and jumps into the stream, digging furiously at the mud-bar with his hands. He stops, feeling something, then pulls up-

-a muck-covered BARBASOL CAN!

Nick kneels, washes the can off in the stream, then pulls out his cell phone and punches a number-

NICK
Yo. Objective secured. Proceed with extraction. I'll fire up the homer.

He pulls a REMOTE CONTROL from his vest, pushes in a red button-

EXT. BEACH - HOMING DEVICE

A BLINKING RED LIGHT flicks on, the device BEEPING softly-

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Nick moves quickly but cautiously through thick jungle, passing by a few of the big ROOT-HOLES. He slows, frowning, listening-

A RUSTLE behind him.

A SNAP to the side.

He starts up again, very slowly. Again the RUSTLE in the brush around him. Him brings the shotgun up, crouching-

JEFE (O.S.)
!Bájelo!

Nick freezes, turns his head-

Out of the trees all around him appear a squad of six SECURITY RANGERS in camo uniforms, armed with short-barrelled AUTOMATIC RIFLES. The JEFE waves his rifle at Nick-

JEFE
Deje caer las armas y póngase al suelo.

SEGUNDO
He wants you to drop your weapons and lie on the ground.

JEFE
No tenga miedo, nomás queremos la lata.

SEGUNDO
Don't be afraid. We only want the can. Your *escopeta, por favor,* put it on the ground.

NICK

Nick takes a deep breath, calculating, looks around at the men surrounding him. He sees something-

SEGUNDO
Is very good we find you before the dinosaurs do.

RANGERS, NICK

We shoot from behind the Jefe and Segundo toward Nick-

NICK
I was told there aren't any left on the island.

SEGUNDO
(smiles) Oh, there's a few-

NICK
Like the one standing behind you?

SEGUNDO

We shoot the Segundo in profile as he LAUGHS-

SEGUNDO
That won't work my friend. The ones left here only come out in the night-

CHOMP! A RAPTOR's head lunges into the shot, jaws clamping on Segundo's neck and shoulder! He SCREAMS-

WIDER

Another RAPTOR pops up from the hole next to the Jefe. The Rangers start to FIRE their weapons, as ANOTHER and ANOTHER and ANOTHER jet-black, ruby-eyed EXCAVARAPTORS ('digging killers' or just DIGGERS) pop up from the holes- the men have been standing in the middle of a colony of them!

(These creatures are bow-legged, with huge, mole-like DIGGING CLAWS at the ends of their powerful forelimbs.)

Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap! The Rangers have their rifles on spray and pray as they panic and scatter, the Jefe pinned under one of the beasts' powerful legs!

Nick darts past the Segundo as the DIGGER lifts the man off his feet and shakes him. AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE rips into the trees around Nick as he dodges through the thick undergrowth, a pair of the monsters pursuing him-

NICK

Nick zigzags between tree trunks, hurdles roots and fallen logs while the bigger DIGGERS crash straight through, slowed by the foliage. We hear SCREAMS and GUNFIRE from behind, growing more distant. Nick gets hung up on a prickler vine for a moment, the lead DIGGER gaining-

Nick twists and BLAM! BLAM! blasts the creature in the face and neck as it rushes in for the kill!

The digger staggers, falls to one knee as Nick tears free and sprints away. We HOLD as the second raptor reaches its wounded comrade, pauses, ROARS and then continues the chase-

CLEARING

Nick staggers, bleeding from the pricker vine, into an overgrown CLEARING. He leans his back against the grill of an abandoned SERVICE VEHICLE, faded 'Jurassic Park' logo on its side. He catches his breath, listening, quickly reloading his shotgun-

A pointy little lizard-face pops up behind him, looking out through the shattered windshield of the vehicle. COMPSOGNATHUS.

It is joined by ANOTHER, and ANOTHER and SEVERAL MORE. One SQUEAKS. Nick stiffens, then whirls-

BLAM! he FIRES just as a dozen of the little carnivores stream out of the window at him, the ones that aren't blown back into the vehicle by the blast leaping onto his face, shoulders, chest, arms, SQUEAKING excitedly! Nick spins, swatting and snatching, compys flying off him, then sprints for the nearby BUILDING.

We HOLD on his abandoned SHOTGUN lying on the ground-

INT. BUILDING

We shoot through a half-broken WINDOW as Nick sprints toward us, a dozen COMPYS in pursuit. He picks up speed, dives, folding his arms over his head- CRASH! Shards of glass go flying as he dives through the window, does a forward roll, twists and comes up on one knee pulling his PISTOL from his holster in one motion- POP! POP! POP! POP! He picks off the compys one by one as they jump onto the windowsill!

The rest of them seem to take the hint. Nick lowers his bead on the window opening, looks around-

We are in a dusty STAFF BARRACKS- a half-dozen BUNK BEDS, frames draped with COBWEBS along the walls, footlockers, an old boombox, a coffeemaker in one corner by a row of standing lockers. Simple but not spartan.

A POSTER of a TYRRANOSAURUS is starting to curl on the wall. Someone has drawn a knife and a fork in its front claws, and written in a cartoon balloon above its head- "**Pass the tourists, please.**"

Nick pulls the laminated map off his neck, studies it-

NICK
(reading) Staff Quarters One, Two and Three--- utility tunnel-

ECU MAP

We FOLLOW Nick's FINGER over the detailed diagram of the old Park, DOTTED LINES indicating a utility tunnel that leads from the staff barracks to a power station near the south fence-

NICK (O.S.)
-leads to the power station-

NICK

NICK
-which is only two hundred yards
from the beach.

Nick looks around, steps over to a HATCH in one corner of the room. He bends, grabs the handle, pistol ready in his other hand, then yanks the hatch cover open!

Nothing jumps out at him.

Nick looks down into the BLACKNESS. He un-velcros a small but powerful FLASHLIGHT from his belt, shines it down the hatch-

POV - HATCH

We see a rusted metal LADDER leading down, a cement floor-

NICK

Nick considers the tunnel, looks back to the window-

Three compys stand ready on the windowsill, watching-

Nick whips his pistol around but they jump away before he can fire-

He looks back into the dark tunnel below-

NICK
No way, José.

He looks around, sees--

A CEILING HATCH over one of the bunk beds.

Nick crosses, makes a face as he swipes away thick sheets of COBWEB, climbs onto the top bunk, reaches up. The EYEHOOK and LATCH have rusted stuck together, they won't budge. Nick takes the butt of his pistol, gives it a hard rap-

The hatch falls open and the top half of a half-eaten DEAD MAN drops through!

Nick SHOUTS in surprise, leaping backwards off the bed and sprawling onto the floor, whipping his pistol up ready to shoot-

The BODY is a Security Ranger who has been gnawed on pretty bad, maybe a week old.

Nick lowers his pistol, breathes deeply, trying to get his heartbeat under control-

WHAM! The DIGGER crashes through the front door and tumbles across the room, sliding on the floor and knocking the coffeemaker and standing lockers down on top of itself!

Nick is trapped in the corner. The digger scrambles to its feet, ROARS, lunges- Nick pulls the bunk bed down over himself as a shield, crouching-

THOONK! the raptor's leg goes right through the deteriorated mattress and springs, claws just missing Nick's throat. He scrambles out as the beast writhes to free itself, makes it to the tunnel hatch and starts down the ladder, grabbing the handle on the underside of the cover-

LADDER, NICK'S FEET

CRACK! The rusted metal rungs give way, snapping, Nick falling but able to yank the hatch cover-

THUNK! THUMP! Nick hits the tunnel floor and the hatch cover falls shut, throwing us into BLACKNESS.

CRANG! Raptor CLAWS punch through the hatch cover, then yank away, tearing away the thin metal! Three stripes of DAYLIGHT appear to illuminate Nick below, getting to his feet. CRANG! the raptor tears at the hatch cover again. Nick flicks the flashlight back on, trots into the dark, high-ceilinged tunnel ahead-

EXT. ISLAND COAST - SKY

We see through the palms to a small PONTOON PLANE approaching over the sea-

INT. COCKPIT - CONTROL PANEL, HOMING SCREEN

A jerry-rigged HOMING SCREEN clipped to the control panel has a BLINKING RED LIGHT lined up with the central cross hairs-

REVERSE - PILOT

The pilot, a hippie-looking character in a Deadhead shirt named DARWIN, scans the beach-

DARWIN
You're sposed to be here, dude.

BEACH

We watch as the plane slows and comes in for a water landing, TRACKING to meet it as it taxis up to the surfline.

Darwin cuts the engine, hops out and into the water, wrestling the little plane around so it is pointing out to sea, MUTTERING all the while-

DARWIN
This gig is gnarly enough without being late, man. Security guards, spy gear, probly some kind of psychosauruses still running around the island-

He runs a line from a U-bolt under the tail assembly to a thick ROOT sticking up from a half-buried DRIFTWOOD STUMP, glancing at his watch-

DARWIN
I give you ten minutes and then I'm history.

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL

Nick is trotting along the utility tunnel, pipes and wires overhead. So far, so good. He stops at a FORK in the tunnel, shines the light on his map-

NICK
There's no fork on the damn map-

HRRRRRRRRRONK! The ROAR of the digger ECHOES down the tunnel behind him. No time for eenie meenie minie moe. Nick runs right- CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH! Something underfoot- Nick swings the light down-

EGGSHELLS. Big ones. Dozens of them, all over the floor-

NICK
Terrific. It's the nursery-

HRRRRRONK! Another echoing ROAR sends Nick running again. We HOLD and watch him trot away. Something, in SILHOUETTE, drops from the pipes above and FOLLOWS!

LOW-ANGLE - NICK

Trotting past us. As his light FADES a pair of yellow REPTILE EYES right in front of us POP OPEN!

NICK

We TRACK BEHIND Nick as he rushes along. Up ahead we can see a single SHAFT of SUNLIGHT angling down- the light at the end of the tunnel. Closer, closer- Nick points the flashlight beam ahead to see-

Three SPITTERS standing between him and the exit ladder!

The one closest HISSES, its frilled MANTLE popping up in display. Nick whirls around, shines the light-

Here come four more spitters and behind them HRRRRRONK! the digger closing in!

Nick turns- POP! POP! POP! POP! The spitters back up a bit but don't run as Nick opens FIRE on them. He clenches the pistol in his mouth, jumps- and grabs onto the pipes above, swinging forward hand-to-hand, bringing his knees up to his chest as the spitters jump and snap beneath him, teeth just inches away!

One of the spitters scrambles up the exit ladder ahead, turns-

BLAM! BLAM! Nick FIRES, hanging by one arm for a moment. The spitter falls and Nick drops the pistol, swings forward and hooks the top of the ladder with a foot-

EXT. PARK GROUNDS - BACK FENCE

Nick crawls out of the tunnel opening, runs. A spitter pops up right behind him, looks around- then is YANKED back into the hatchway by its tail!

SNARLING, CHOMPING NOISES, then the DIGGER powers its way out of the opening, sniffs once, and heads after Nick-

FENCE

Nick looks at the twelve-foot-high fence above him, back at the charging raptor. He slips his backpack off, tries to squeeze through a very narrow OPENING that some short animal has torn at the base of the fence. He gets hung up, squirms- and slips through just as WHAM! the digger smashes into the fence headfirst trying to grab him!

Nick springs to his feet, sees that the backpack is just on the far side of the fence, the BARBASOL CAN visible in a webbing pocket. The digger starts to DIG furiously at the base of the fence, huge clods of dirt flying behind him. Nick runs parallel to the fence, SLAPPING it with his hand-

NICK
Come on you stupid lizard, come and get me! Come on, knucklehead!

The raptor leaves his digging and begins to run parallel on the other side, catching up with Nick-

NICK
That's it, Einstein, follow the nice man- thattabo-

Nick puts on the brakes as he sees ahead-

Twenty yards further down a whole section of fence has fallen-

The raptor sees it too.

They look at each other-

NICK
See you on the beach.

Nick sprints back toward the original hole and his backpack. The raptor takes a step after him, thinks, then turns to race for the open section-

FENCE, BACKPACK

Nick races back, thrusts his arm through the hole and grabs the backpack, yanks it through and runs for the trees, pulling the Barbasol can free and discarding the backpack-

BEACH

Darwin is looking at his watch-

DARWIN
Well, you're just in time to be too late, my man. I'm outta here-

NICK (O.S.)
Hey!

We PAN with Darwin's look to see Nick break out of the treeline onto the sand a couple hundred yards away, sprinting toward him-

NICK
Start it up!

Darwin hurries out onto a pontoon and climbs into the cockpit-

DARWIN
No problem, dude.

He hits the ignition and the engine COUGHS into action, the PROP spinning, picking up revs-

DARWIN
Lift anchor and we're airborne-

HRRRRRONK!

He swivels to see the DIGGER bust out of the trees, not more than thirty yards away!

NICK

Nick pulls up short, the monster between him and the plane. He makes a beeline for the water, calling out-

NICK
Taxi out, I'll swim to you!

DIGGER

The raptor takes a look at Nick, already splashing into the surf, then at the big, noisy thing at the water's edge. It chooses the easier prey, charging toward the plane, BELLOWING-

PLANE, DARWIN

Darwin panics, jams the throttle forward-

DARWIN
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhgh!

The plane blasts forward, but the tide has risen and there's a lot of slack in the line from the tail-

DRIFTWOOD STUMP

CRACK! The line snaps taut and YANKS the root it was tied to clear off from the stump!

PLANE

The plane picks up speed, the big driftwood root skittering in its wake-

CLOSER - DRIFTWOOD ROOT

The wood skips and splashes on the surface like a dropped water-skiing handle. Just as it hops past the camera there is a sudden RISING in the water beside us- was that the crown of an enormous wedge-shaped REPTILE HEAD or were we just seeing things?

We PAN to see as the plane lifts off-

DIGGER

Thigh deep in the surf, it BELLOWS in frustration as the plane buzzes away-

NICK

Nick is swimming out to sea for all he's worth. He looks back to shore- unless that thing can do the Australian crawl he's made it. He treads water, waves to the sky-

NICK
Come back! It's all clear!

We PAN to the sky, and yes, the plane is banking, turning, coming back and dropping toward the surface-

NICK
Easy, buddy, easy. No sweat now-

PLANE

The plane steadies, pontoons skimming the water's surface-

DRIFTWOOD ROOT

The hunk of wood skittering along again, till-

WHOOSH! CHOMP! A KRONOSAURUS, gigantic sea-monster that it is, shoots its eight-foot-long head up and snatches the trolling bait in its powerful jaws!

CRACK! The line snaps taut and RIPS the whole tail section of the plane off!

COCKPIT, DARWIN

Darwin instinctively yanks back on the joystick, trying to pull up-

DARWIN
Whoooooooah!

NICK

Nick watches, shocked, as the plane pulls up but can't hold its yaw with the tail gone. It spirals, heading back straight at Nick, arcing toward the water- closer, closer- Nick takes a breath and goes UNDER-

UNDERWATER - NICK

Nick tries to get deeper as the shape of the plane passes close overhead and we hear a MUFFLED, WATERY CRASH!

SURFACE

Nick pops back up to the surface, looks around- we PAN to see the plane sitting sideways in the water fifty yards away, chunks of wing torn off and already floating. It settles upside-down, the pontoons still on the surface keeping it afloat.

A beat.

Darwin comes up sputtering, hauls himself onto one of the pontoons, and sits gasping for breath. He sees Nick swimming toward him, calls-

DARWIN
Hey, man, what happened?

NICK
(swimming, calls) I just saw your tail section come off.

DARWIN
(shakes his head) It never did <u>that</u> before. You got a phone?

NICK
Yeah. A wet one.

DARWIN
(sees) Hey- those security dudes don't have like a- a <u>sub</u>marine, do they?

We PAN with his GAZE--

Something big and long is moving fast, just under the water's surface, straight at Darwin on the wrecked plane!

DARWIN

Darwin is standing now, backing his toes away from the water-

DARWIN
Cause unless that's Flipper, I'm-

WHOOSH! SNAP! SPLASH! The KRONOSAURUS breaks surface, snatches Darwin in its jaws, half its enormous body clearing water, then SMACKING down into the water and diving, a huge SERRATED FLUKE slapping the surface as it disappears!

NICK

Nick is stunned for a second, then looks to the shore-

The DIGGER is stalking the beach, watching him. Can't go back there-

Nick begins to swim parallel to the shore, looking around for signs of the sea monster. He hears the CHOP of a HELICOPTER, looks up-

POV - HELICOPTER

A gunship-style HELICOPTER is racing across the water toward him, flying low over the water, a RESCUE LADDER already being lowered-

NICK

Nick begins to swim toward it-

AERIAL SHOT

We look from above at Nick swimming, then TILT to see the KRONOSAURUS's back and forehead break water as it surfaces to swim after him-

SURFACE

On the first pass the ladder swings just out of Nick's reach, going too fast. He sees the Kronosaurus now, raising its head as it streaks toward him, opening its jaws-

The helicopter banks and hovers- Nick grabs the ladder! He pulls himself up a few feet, shouts to the rescuers above him-

NICK
Take it up! Take it up!

KRONOSAURUS

We ride the back of the Kronosaurus as it powers toward Nick, who is still dangling temptingly only a few feet above the water's surface. We look over its massive, barnacled, horned head as it lunges up- SNAP! just missing the bottom of the ladder as the helicopter suddenly shoots up into the air!

INT. HELICOPTER

We shoot out the side bay, seeing the Kronosaurus and Isla Nublar receding in the distance. Strong arms appear to drag Nick in. He lies back on the floor, chest heaving-

The man who leans over in his face is wearing the same Grendel Corporation Security Ranger UNIFORM as the men on the island-

NANDO
I hope you haven't forgotten our can, Mr. Harris.

Nick raises his head slightly, taps his ear as if he can't hear-

NICK
Sorry, can't hear you! The helicopter noi-

WHAP! Nando smashes him flush in the face. LIGHTS OUT.

DARKNESS.

Silence.

Then, slowly, the sound of the HELICOPTER FADES back UP, as well as the LIGHT-

Nick is lying on the floor still, BLOOD on his face. He opens his eyes slowly, blinks-

He sees the BARBASOL CAN lying on Nando's lap just an arm's reach away. Nando is busy joking in Spanish with the pilot-

Nick swivels his eyes-

He can see below out the side bay. They are cruising fairly low over the water, parallel to a thickly populated BEACH. Lots of SWIMMERS in the water-

Nick checks to see that his hands and legs are free, gathers his strength-

EXT. BEACH

Overton stands among the beach blankets, running kids and sunbathers, watching the horizon, worried. A LITTLE BOY approaches, selling SHARK-TOOTH NECKLACES-

CHICO
Señor- ¿quiere comprar un collar?

OVERTON
¿Has visto un avión?

We hear the HELICOPTER approaching. Chico points up to it-

CHICO
Aquí está-

Overton mimes a plane's wings with his arms-

OVERTON
No- un avión con alas-

INT. HELICOPTER

Nick takes a couple deep breaths, then lunges, grabbing the aerosol can from Nando and rolling-

EXT. HELICOPTER

-out the open bay!

EXT. BEACH

A GASP from the spectators on the beach as the man falls out of the helicopter and into the water forty feet below, then APPLAUSE as he pops up to the surface and swims rapidly toward shore. They think it's a stunt. The helicopter banks over the water and heads back to cut him off-

Overton walks toward the shore, unsteady on the sand-

Nick stands, struggling to get out of the water, hits the beach running through the delighted beach crowd till WHOOOOM! the chopper swoops down at him from behind, struts narrowly missing his head as he dives for the ground, rotors BLASTING SAND at the now terrified people!

Nick is up running again, aerosol can in hand, shouting to Overton as he sprints past him-

NICK
Ask for a cold one at Rodrigo's!

Overton turns and watches Nick duck into the cover of the lunch palapas and fried-everything stands at the back edge of the beach, the buildings of the resort town rising behind them. The HELICOPTER hovers above, turning this way and that like an indecisive hummingbird-

EXT. ALLEYWAY

HELICOPTER SOUND from above as Nick hustles down a BACK ALLEY, hugging the wall to stay out of sight from the sky. He darts across the alley and in through the BACK DOOR of a CAFE-

INT. KITCHEN - RODRIGO'S

An OLD MAN sits at a small table shucking OYSTERS. He barely looks up as Nick enters, crosses to check out the action in the bar, then turns to look around the kitchen-

COOLER

An ancient Coca Cola COOLER buzzes in one corner. Nick moves to it, lifts the lid, and sets the BARBASOL CAN in the midst of dozens of BOTTLES OF BEER. He turns to the Old Man-

NICK
Voy a enviar alguien para recuperarlo.
(I'll send somebody to get this.)

The Old Man shrugs and keeps on shucking. Nick looks up as the HELICOPTER SOUND grows LOUDER-

EXT. STREET - LATE DAY

A VENDOR pushes his cart down a back street, hawking popsicles-

VENDOR
Paletas! Muy frescos, muy ricos! Aquí tengo las paletas!

He passes and we see Nick, looking pretty beat up, standing back in a doorway. He is checking out the little HOTEL DELPHÍN across the street as he speaks softly on a CELL PHONE-

NICK
Just do what we agreed on before. I'll contact you when I'm in the clear.

EXT. STREET - RODRIGO'S BAR

Overton stands at the pay phone across the street from a bar called RODRIGO'S. Beyond him we see THUGS wearing sunglasses cruising up and down the street, on the lookout for Nick-

OVERTON
It's very hot right now. Keep your head down.

EXT. STREET

Nick on his cell phone-

NICK
I'll do my best.

Nick clicks the cell phone off, pockets it. He considers the hotel, decides it is worth a try, limps across toward it-

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

The DESK CLERK is reading a comic book. He doesn't look up when Nick limps in-

NICK
Joven- ¿ha sido alguien buscándome? ¿Esperándome en el cuarto?

DESK CLERK
No, Mr. Harris- nobody been lookin for you.

Nick considers, reaches to take his key from its cubbyhole-

CORRIDOR

Nick limps towards us down the corridor. He turns the key, opens the door-- Nando stands there with a different aerosol can in his hand, pointed at Nick's face. Nick is too exhausted to run-

NICK
What's that supposed to be?

SSSSSSST!

Nando hits the button and sprays Nick in the face. LIGHTS OUT again.

DARKNESS.

Silence

But this time as the LIGHT begins to FADE UP it is with the sound of YODELLING-

INT. TOWER BEDROOM - NICK - EVENING

Nick wakes in a cozy-looking bed in a round, stone-walled room. He looks around, confused- yodelling?

He sits up, barefoot, wearing clean pants and a T-shirt. He stands, steadies himself, a little woozy- then crosses immediately to the thick oaken DOOR, tries it-- locked.

He crosses to the opposite side of the room and sticks his head out a tall, rectangular OPENING-

EXT. TOWER - EVENING

We see Nick's head pop out through the window of a STONE TOWER at one corner of a MEDIEVAL CASTLE on a mountainside in the SWISS ALPS. He looks right- on the opposite PARAPET are two YODELERS in archaic lederhosen and plumed hats, giving their tonsils a workout for a crowd of TOURISTS standing down on the other side of the MOAT. The Yodelers finish, the Tourists APPLAUD enthusiastically, and Nick ducks his head back in-

INT. TOWER

NICK
I'm a prisoner in a theme park.

He looks around-- his suitcase is open on a stand, his jacket hanging in an armoire. Heraldic BANNERS hang on the walls. There is a TV SET and remote control. He picks up the remote, flicks the set ON, begins to surf-

French-speaking channels, German-speaking channels, Spanish, Italian- we're definitely in Europe here. He settles on a channel playing a NATURE DOCUMENTARY about the dinosaur pests, the NARRATOR with a plummy British accent-

NARRATOR (TV)
Compsognathus rarely exceed a full-grown pheasant in size-

TV SCREEN

We see a trio of COMPYS making forays in to bite at a cornered, hissing RACCOON-

NARRATOR (TV)
-but though diminutive are extremely aggressive.

NICK

NICK
No kidding.

He flicks the TV OFF. A booming KNOCK at the door-

NICK
(calling) It's locked!

A KEY fumbling, then the door opens to reveal a BUTLER dressed in livery. He has a slight Swiss accent-

BUTLER
They are ready for you downstairs, Mr. Harris.

The Butler steps away without closing the door. Nick considers-

INT. GREAT HALL

Nick, fully-dressed now, comes down a STONE STAIRCASE that Basil Rathbone should be swordfighting on, to see-

ADRIEN JOYCE, a man only slightly older than Nick and very fit, swinging a HALBERD around in an elaborate martial-arts display, thrusting, parrying, chopping, slicing-- thoroughly enjoying himself till he sees that Nick has entered. He freezes in a backswing, smiles-

JOYCE
It's not only for ceremony, you know. The halberd. The Swiss Guards who protect the Pope at the Vatican could do a good deal of damage with these- of course they've also got an automatic pistol somewhere under those crazy uniforms-

NICK
Maybe you should apply for a job.

Joyce crosses to hang the halberd over the enormous FIREPLACE-

JOYCE
I haven't seen you since, what- ?

NICK
Tegucigalpa. I helped get you kicked out of the country.

JOYCE
To be deported from Honduras- what horror must I have perpetrated?

NICK
Selling guns to the wrong people, as I recall.

JOYCE
But they were the right people when I began the transaction. The political sands are ever-shifting-

He indicates the very huge GREAT HALL around them-

JOYCE
Something the Swiss understand better than anyone. This castle was built in the late fifteenth century by a local warlord and self-styled baron seeking to isolate himself from the endless armed conflicts of Europe, and, if possible, to profit from them.

Joyce indicates a huge TAPESTRY hanging on the wall, portraying a bloody battle with horses, lances, swords, shields and plenty of dead foot soldiers littering the battlefield-

JOYCE
He hired men and trained them to fight, selling- I should say renting- their services to whomever put cash on the barrelhead. Security forces, invasions, sieges- the Swiss mercenary was a force to be reckoned with. My employer, the current Baron von Drax, is principal stockholder and CEO of the Grendel International Corporation.

NICK
You make a hell of a tour guide, Joyce. What do you want with me?

JOYCE
You have something that belongs to us.

NICK
I lost it in the ocean.

JOYCE
We'll match Hammond's offer.

NICK
I made my deal with him.

JOYCE
(concerned) But you haven't delivered it, have you?

Nick makes a quick assessment of his situation-

NICK
It's- it's somewhere safe.

JOYCE
(smiles) I'm happy to hear that, Nick.

Joyce crosses to Nick-

JOYCE
I do apologize for the abrupt nature of your transportation here, but the sensitive nature of the material in question-

NICK
Like that it's illegal-

An edge of menace enters Joyce's tone-

JOYCE
There was some consideration given to torturing the whereabouts out of you. I suggested that, given your history, this would be counterproductive. (smiles) Besides, we want you to work for us.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

ELECTRIC LAMPS on old torch sconces light the way as Joyce leads Nick down a narrow passageway on another stone STAIRCASE-

JOYCE
Grendel plans to use the material from Jurassic Park in much the same way as that envisioned by your Mr. Hammond-

NICK
The United Nations-

JOYCE
When the infestation of creatures begins to seriously inconvenience the First World, the United Nations will snap to attention. Previously rejected solutions, drastic as they may seem, will be reconsidered- solutions we'd be able to offer.

NICK
For a price.

JOYCE
Naturally. And then there's a related project, the one we hope you'll become involved in-

Nick slows as he hears a massive POUNDING ahead, like a pile-driver rhythmically destroying a paved parking lot-

NICK
Remodelling?

JOYCE
(smiles) That's what we tell the tourists.

He unlatches a DUNGEON DOOR in front of them, and they step into-

INT. DUNGEON

They stand on the entry PLATFORM above a well-lit stone DUNGEON, a few old CHAINS still bolted to the walls for effect.

Below them, nearly filling the room, is a heavily-plated ANKYLOSAURUS, repeatedly thrashing the bowling-ball-sized bone protuberance at the end of its massive tail as a cudgel, knocking dents into the wall and sending rock-dust flying!

NICK, JOYCE

Joyce tries to fit his words in between the rhythmic WHAM! of the ankylosaurus's assault-

JOYCE
A souvenir from our clean-up effort on Isla Nubla. We raised it from an egg-

SHERMAN
From an embryo, to be precise.

SHERMAN has appeared behind them. He is a young genetics whiz and sorely lacking in 'people skills'-

JOYCE
Nick, this is our chief of Applied Genetics, Sherman Fosdick-

SHERMAN
(plowing through) Like the embryos you stole from us. (points to ankylosaurus) Maybe we should put him down with her for awhile-

JOYCE
Be polite, Sherman. We haven't even had dinner yet.

Joyce leads Nick away, whispering as they go-

JOYCE
Too much Dungeons and Dragons, not enough socializing with the other children-

NICK
Why bother having that thing if you're going to keep it shut up in a dungeon?

JOYCE
Oh- one never knows when an ankylosaurus might come in handy.

They have reached another metal-reinforced door. This one, however, opens with a swipe of Joyce's ID card-

JOYCE
Come see the new wing-

INT. LABORATORY CHAMBER

Nick and Joyce step into something out of a James Bond movie- a CAVERN hollowed out in the core of the mountain beneath the castle, metal stairs leading down into a maze of brightly-lit biological-testing LABS-

JOYCE
The castle sits on an enormous cavern in the mountain. The original Baron kept his wine down here. We've expanded a bit-

They start down the stairs-

NICK
The corporation paid for all this?

JOYCE
We have several products that are doing very well at the moment- an insect-resistant rye grain, super-strains of hops and barley- and of course we were the first in Europe to market pre-sliced cheese. Dairy is very important here in Switzerland-

RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

A chilling ROAR echoes throughout the chamber-

NICK
One of your cows?

INT. RAPTOR ENCLOSURE - X-1 (SPARTACUS)

An 8ft-tall DEINONYCHUS trots in circles, slams itself against the I-beams that enclose it, ROARS, and generally throws a fit in a bull-ring-sized ENCLOSURE. Spray-painted in day-glo orange on its side is '**X-1**', and attached to one side of its head, just above the ear-hole, is a REGULATOR BOX about the size of a cell phone-

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

A woman in a lab coat with the ubiquitous Grendel International logo on the pocket stands watching the beast and writing on a CHART. This is MAYA LUNDBERG. Several TV SCREENS are mounted on the wall above her, providing various angles of the beast's activity, while the panel in front of her sports a half-dozen VITAL FUNCTION MONITORS of the EEG, MRI and heart-rate sort. She doesn't look up from her work-

JOYCE
This is X-1, our alpha male- not in the best of moods at the moment.

MAYA
If you keep them in captivity you've got to accept a certain amount of neurotic behavior.

JOYCE
Training, not captivity, please-

MAYA
Whatever-

JOYCE
Maya Lundberg, our head of Behavioral Modification. Meet Mr. Harris-

This gets Maya's attention. She turns to check Nick out-

MAYA
The trespasser?

JOYCE
(to Nick) We all followed your progress on the island. Sort of like an episode of *Survivor*-

Nick steps up to the window and looks in at the raging beast-

NICK
So this is what, like a mid-sized Tyrranosaurus?

MAYA
Deinonychus. 'Terrible claw' in Latin.

SHERMAN
(rejoining them) *Deinonychus draxi.* It's a sub-species.

Sherman checks a timer, looks at the panel instruments-

SHERMAN
Wow- look at that adrenaline-

MAYA
(concerned and annoyed) Would you shut him down? He's going to hurt himself.

SHERMAN
X-1 is too cagey to hurt himself, no matter how much we pump him up-

Sherman steps up to a RADIO TRANSMITTER, punches the timer, turns a dial-

SHERMAN
Call out when the reticular formation goes blue-

Maya is watching a BRAIN SCAN image which is rapidly changing from RED to cooler colors-

The DEINONYCHUS begins to stagger a bit, appears confused-

SHERMAN
(excited) Look at that! And I'm only restricting acetylcholine-

MAYA
Don't make him fall over again, His ribs-

SHERMAN
(dialing) Come on, baby, nice soft landing-

The deinonychus lowers itself into a CROUCH, partly supporting itself with its shorter front legs, breathing heavily and staring somewhat glassily into space. Nick is amazed-

JOYCE
We've placed a few strategic implants to let us control its hormones by radio signal-

SHERMAN
Not hormones, neuro<u>pep</u>tides-

MAYA
Right now it's experiencing something like acute chronic fatigue syndrome. Before you came in the parts of its gray matter controlling rage and aggressive behavior were stimulated.

JOYCE
You remember the cockfights in Honduras? When a rooster gets mad, blood flows into its comb, responding to the adrenaline. But if the handler put the comb in his mouth and sucked blood into it- the rooster got mad before he even <u>saw</u> his opponent.

SHERMAN
Fortunately for us, reptiles have a very compartmentalized brain, just like chickens. We don't get much spillover when we want to induce a specific emotion.

NICK
For what purpose?

Maya and Sherman look to Joyce-- it's not their place to give out this information-

JOYCE
Let's leave that for tomorrow. You must be exhausted- you'll travelled all the way from the Jurassic Era to the 21st century.

Maya steps forward and takes his hand-

MAYA
Mr. Harris- I look forward to working with you.

Joyce takes a last look in at the pacified X-1-

NICK

Nick surreptitiously glances down at his hand. Maya has palmed a torn corner of her behavior chart into it, on which she has written-

Do <u>not</u> give them the embryos!

JOYCE (O.S.)
You kind of wonder what he's thinking, don't you?

NICK

Nick and Maya exchange a quick look, then Nick turns to look at the dinosaur. X-1 seems to focus for a moment, meeting his eye-

NICK
He's wondering which one of us he should eat first.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS

A LAND ROVER with an open observation port cut in the roof glides over a spectacular MOUNTAIN PASS-

INT. LAND ROVER

Nick and Joyce sit on the bench seat in the rear as KRONER, Joyce's unctuous aide de camp, drives-

JOYCE
We have our own valley to work in, and being the principal employer in the canton affords its own protection. The Swiss, as the world knows, are quite capable of keeping a secret.

They roll past a SECURITY CHECKPOINT, waved through by the GUARD-

JOYCE
The west road, Kroner.

KRONER
Absolutely, Colonel.

NICK
Colonel?

JOYCE
(shrugs) Something the boys in Africa used to call me.

Joyce stands to look out from the port, Nick following-

EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY - TRAINING FACILITY

Several bunker-like BUILDINGS and large CAGED ENCLOSURES are clustered in the bowl of the little valley. They pull up beside a long cement CHUTE with a steel-mesh roof that extends out of the side of the mountain-

Sherman and Maya are waiting in a cut-away HUMVEE with a dashboard filled with the kinds of monitors and controls we saw in the underground observation room. Around them in various PURSUIT VEHICLES are the TRAINING STAFF-- a dozen hard-looking MERCENARIES with an array of long-handled ELECTRIC PRODS, wicked-looking RESTRAINTS and heavy duty WEAPONS-

JOYCE
(calls over) Has the objective been set up?

SHERMAN
We're ready to rip.

JOYCE
Let's bring them out, then.

Nick realizes what's going on-

NICK
Whooah, now, you're not going to let-

JOYCE
I assure you, they're totally under control.

A DEINONYCHUS, and then ANOTHER, trot out through the chute and stand in the open, standing several yards away from the humans, watching them warily.

Both have regulators on the side of their heads. We can tell by the spray-paint on their sides that this is **X-2** and **X-3** (Orestes and Perseus)-

JOYCE
See?

NICK
These are more of those deino-

JOYCE
-nychus draxi. They already possessed the super-sensitive smell and hearing, the power, the pack-hunting instincts we desired, then Sherman got busy splicing genes.

SHERMAN
(impressed with himself) A section of DNA from the egg-stealing raptor, *Ornitholestes*, to lengthen the forelegs and give them more dexterity with the fingers, a section from the domestic dog that seems to foster obedience and receptivity to training, and a small section of human DNA that we hope will increase their problem-solving ability.

NICK
If you don't get a leash on those things <u>we</u>'re going to have a major problem to solve-

JOYCE
(smiles) Maya? Let's give Mr. Harris a demonstration.

Maya stands in the Humvee, calls out in a commanding voice-

MAYA
Raptors!

The beasts respond, turning to watch her intently. She signals with her arm, pointing down the dirt road that leads ahead into a stand of TREES-

MAYA
Forward!

X-2 and X-3 begin to trot down the road, Kroner pulls out to follow them, and the whole menagerie of vehicles joins in, Maya's control Humvee just behind the Land Rover-

Joyce hands Nick a thick red ARMBAND, about the size of a blood-pressure cuff, like the ones he and all the other staff are wearing-

JOYCE
Put this on. It releases pheromones the raptors have been trained to avoid.

Nick slips the armband on-

NICK
It doesn't smell like anything-

JOYCE
To them it does.

Nick watches the beasts trotting up ahead-

NICK
They look different.

The raptors have, in fact, changed color since they first came out of the chute, from GRAYISH to a mottled GREEN-BROWN that matches the countryside around them-

JOYCE
They're regular chameleons- put them in front of a brick wall and you'd swear you can see the mortar.

NICK
(nods) So we're taking them for a stroll-

JOYCE
We're in convoy, moving through enemy territory.

Nick gives him a look-

NICK
I think you've let this Colonel thing get to your head.

Joyce just smiles as they enter the TREES, the road narrowing somewhat-

The deinonychus slow down up ahead, then stop, alert-

CLOSER - RAPTORS

Quick shots of the raptors' NOSTRILS sniffing, EYES darting-

NICK, JOYCE

Nick looks around them into the trees-

NICK
What's out there?

JOYCE
They'll know before we do.

X-1 & 2

The raptors suddenly dart away into the trees to the left, SHRIEKING with aggression! AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE opens up from the position they're running at, an AMBUSH EMPLACEMENT dug beneath a huge fallen log-

NICK

Nick ducks instinctively, but Joyce remains standing-

JOYCE
Don't worry, it's blank ammunition. Have to get them used to the noise-

RAPTORS - AMBUSH BUNKER

The raptors hit the bunker on the dead run, the lead one leaping and landing on the log above the firing position with both legs, the second charging straight in and thrusting into the opening with its 'terrible claw'.

The two rapidly demolish the position, soft dirt and chunks of bark, wood and moss flying in every direction, till they have unearthed a rectangular iron PROTECTIVE CAGE containing two terrified MERCENARIES who have dropped their weapons and SCREAM for help as the massive creatures roll the whole thing over and over, jabbing in with their sickle-claws and STOMPING the bars out of shape!

STAFF

The other Mercenaries have dismounted and move forward nervously with their various weapons and gear-

JOYCE
Shut them down, Sherman-

Sherman is worried, watching his instrument panel-

SHERMAN
They're on full restraint already!

Nick leaps out of the Land Rover, grabs the nastiest weapon he sees (something like a RPG launcher) from a mercenary, aims-

JOYCE
Grab him!

Mercenaries dive on Nick, wrestling the grenade launcher from him and pinning him on the ground-

The raptors are subdued as well, breathing heavily but sitting back on their haunches on either side of the battered protective cage. The men inside are equally battered but alive-

Maya walks out to within a few yards of them, hands held before her-

MAYA
Easy, easy-

Nick watches from the ground, amazed at her courage (or stupidity)-

Maya turns and calls to Sherman in the control vehicle-

MAYA
Give them a blast of serotonin as a reward.

Sherman twists a dial-

The raptors' eyes half-close with bliss-

MAYA
All right, just a little get-up-and-go-

Sherman tweaks a different dial. Maya points back toward the chute-

MAYA
Raptors! Home!

Amazingly, the two monsters right themselves, and, totally ignoring the cage, begin to move back toward the road and the chute-

JOYCE
Let him up.

The Mercenaries warily let Nick go. He sits up, watches the deinonychus pass-

NICK
You almost got those men killed.

JOYCE
On the contrary- we were just saved from a deadly ambush by our advance scouts.

The Mercenaries remount their vehicles and begin to follow the deinonychus back, while a pair of MEDICS hurry to the cage-

JOYCE
Why should some poor grunt have to walk point through enemy territory if you've got these creatures to do it? When Cortés conquered Mexico he unleashed ferocious dogs on the terrified Aztecs-

NICK
-who were fighting with arrows and spears. With real bullets-

JOYCE
In a combat situation they'll be fully armored. Just think of the psychological effect- talk about your shock and awe-

NICK
(fully realizing) You want to use them as soldiers!

JOYCE
(proud) Shock troops, SWAT team, riot control, search and destroy-- the ultimate in special forces.

Maya hops into the Humvee, not happy-

MAYA
(to Sherman) What took it so long?

SHERMAN
I'm not sure-- they were overexcited-

MAYA
The fact is you don't know.

They pull away. Nick walks over toward the cage. The Medics have had no luck getting the twisted entry lid to open-

MEDIC
(to Joyce) We're going to have to torch this to get it open.

JOYCE
We'll send somebody out.

He watches Nick, who is still a bit shaken-

JOYCE
You've been the first man in on some of these operations, Nick, you know the casualty rate-

NICK
You can't control them.

JOYCE
(shrugs) Maya has taken them a long way, but she's not a professional soldier.

Nick turns to look at him. This is the pitch-

JOYCE
I know your history Nick- you've always done what you were told extremely well and never asked too many questions. You've been used and abused and don't have much to show for it. Isn't it time you got paid what you're worth?

EXT. TRAINING ENCLOSURE

A smaller deinonychus, X-5 (Achilles), wearing a kind of HARNESS around its body, paces in an outdoor ENCLOSURE about the size of the lion tamer's cage at the circus. A HUNK OF BEEF is hung just outside the bars. X-5 approaches it warily-

ZZZZZZZZZTTTTTT! it receives an enormous ELECTRICAL JOLT, administered by ZEISS, a rather sadistic mercenary at a console just beyond the bars-

ZEISS
We have learned our lesson, maybe?

The Humvee pulls up and Maya charges out of it-

MAYA
Zeiss! What are you doing?

ZEISS
It continues to eat whenever it pleases. It needs to learn-

MAYA
The only thing it could learn from this is that you're a nitwit, and it probably already knows that! And the harness-

ZEISS
The neuro-implant induces nausea, not pain.

MAYA
This is behavior modification, Zeiss, not torture.

Joyce and Nick have returned as well, Kroner standing at something like attention behind them. Maya crosses to a narrow DOOR-

MAYA
Unlock.

ZEISS
He's very upset-

MAYA
At you. Unlock.

Zeiss hits a switch and we hear a BOLT shoot open. X-5 hears it too, snapping to attention-

Nick watches as Maya slides open a narrow DOOR, squeezes in. CHANG! Zeiss hits the switch and the door closes behind her-

X-5 stands across the cage from her, wary-

Maya doesn't move from next to the door for a moment, watching the beast-

MAYA
Stay.

She slowly crosses to the beast, never losing eye-contact-

MAYA
Easy- easy-

She is right next to X-5 now, holding its eyes as she deftly unclips the harness and pulls it off-

MAYA
Good boy.

She turns her back on the monster, slowly walks to the door. The door shoots open, she squeezes out- CHANG! The door shuts behind her. She turns to Joyce, still angry-

MAYA
Every time I start to make some progress with this animal one of your thugs sets it back two weeks.

JOYCE
We have a timetable to be aware of.

MAYA
Well you'd better push it back.

She strides away. Joyce indicates X-5 to Nick-

JOYCE
A relatively new recruit. You know the type, lots of attitude, a bit wild-

NICK
How many of these things do you have?

SHERMAN
Unfortunately the genetic engineering involved in their creation renders them sterile.
(MORE)

SHERMAN (cont'd)
If we're going to expand and have a breeding program-

JOYCE
We need the embryos that you stole from us.

NICK
I'm not so sure that's a good idea. What if you take them out for a spin and one decides to go AWOL?

SHERMAN
Even if the neuro-implant malfunctioned they wouldn't get far. Their bodies are capable of cre<u>at</u>ing insulin but lack the stimulant that causes it to be se<u>cret</u>ed- only we can perform this function.

JOYCE
Without us they can last only an hour, maybe less.

NICK
(nods toward Maya) The patrol we went on this morning- she didn't train them to do that, did she?

Sherman looks away-

JOYCE
There was a South African gentleman named de Vroot- wonderful storyteller- seemed to be getting on very well with his trainees-

NICK
And what happened to him?

JOYCE
(hesitant) That's not totally clear-

SHERMAN
We found one of his shoes.

Joyce slaps Nick on the back, winks-

JOYCE
Big risks, big pay, my friend. Dare to be great.

INT. CASTLE - DINING HALL

A long wooden table, tapestries on the walls- there should be tankards of ale and serving wenches, but instead it's Nick, Maya, Sherman and Joyce sitting down for dinner with BARON HERMAN VON DRAX, a very self-satisfied character who has spent a lifetime getting whatever he wants-

VON DRAX
Courage, intelligence, the so-called 'killer instinct'- these are qualities I have always looked for in my employees, but it is the rare to find them all in the same individual. So I think- 'Why not give Nature a helping hand?'

SHERMAN
(fawning) The human DNA we used in the deinonychus came from Baron von Drax.

Nick looks von Drax over-

NICK
Now that you mention it, I can see the resemblance.

Maya hides a smile, but the Baron is not distracted-

VON DRAX
We created our warriors from only the finest ingredients.

NICK
You can combine behavioral attributes like you're making a cake?

SHERMAN
At the moment we can narrow them down to a certain section of the chain. It is possible that other less desirable traits might hitch-hike, so to speak, and end up as part of the organism.

VON DRAX
But this mix gives you something greater than its parts- they are full of hybrid vigor. Like the Swiss.

NICK
But the Swiss aren't sterile.

Von Drax shoots Nick a hard, appraising look, then bursts out LAUGHING-

VON DRAX
I am the twenty-third Baron von Drax, Mr. Harris. I assure you that we are not!

Nick sits back-

NICK
In the second world war there was a program to train sea lions to place magnetic mines on enemy ships. Tireless swimmers, able to stay under without oxygen tanks-

SHERMAN
Did they blow anything up?

NICK
Mostly fishing boats. They couldn't pass up a meal.

MAYA
We're training our animals not to eat what they kill. That's been the most difficult instinct to modify so far.

VON DRAX
So-

He looks to Joyce-

VON DRAX
-the embryos are on their way, *ja?*

JOYCE
Mr. Harris is still considering our offer.

Von Drax looks stricken-

VON DRAX
(slightly threatening) Consider it as quickly as you can, Mr. Harris. Patience is not part of my genetic heritage.

INT. TOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Nick sits on the edge of his bed, watching a phony-looking WAR MOVIE. He clicks it OFF, crosses to the door, tries it- not locked!

INT. STAIRWAY

Nick comes down the spiral STAIRCASE of the tower, noting several SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS as he goes-

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Nick steps out onto the TORCH-lit PARAPET of the castle. He sees Maya sitting, brooding, on the base of an ancient CATAPULT. He approaches, taps the catapult-

NICK
I could send you over the moat with this if you'd like.

Maya looks up, smiles-

MAYA
I may take you up on that.

NICK
That's not the Grendel International spirit I'm hearing.

Maya shoots a look down into the courtyard- Kroner stands leaning against a wall, pretending he's just out for a smoke, monitoring the conversation. Nick sees him, understands. Maya rises and they begin to stroll around the parapet-

MAYA
Had a few setbacks today.

NICK
So how does one get to be a dinosaur trainer?

MAYA
(shrugs) Oh- I got my doctorate in behavioral sciences, did some field work with wolves in the north of Canada till the grant money started drying up, and then- well, there aren't that many practical applications. So I took a job with the circus.

NICK
The circus?

MAYA
In the ring with the whip and chair, pushing the big cats through their routines. Then there was a certain trapeze artist I wanted to get away from, so when I was approached for this job-

NICK
You knew what you were getting into?

MAYA
For my fifteenth birthday my father promised to take me to opening day at Jurassic Park. I've still got the ticket. When I heard I'd be working with animals that used to be extinct-- well, I didn't ask too many questions about what they were going to be trained to do.

NICK
In the cage this morning- how did you know that thing wouldn't go for you?

Maya stops and they look out over the TOWN down the mountain, only a few LIGHTS still on-

MAYA
When a wolf pack works a herd of elk they'll single out the weakest- an orphaned juvenile, an older adult on its last legs- and look it straight in the eye.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - MONITOR - JOYCE AND VON DRAX

Joyce and von Drax stand watching and listening to Nick and Maya, who are being tracked by a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA-

MAYA (VIDEO)
There's a conversation of death that goes on between them, hunter and prey, almost an under<u>stand</u>ing. I've seen the rest of the herd continue to graze peacefully while one of their number is set upon and killed.

Joyce turns to reassure the Baron-

JOYCE
I wouldn't worry to much about Nick. He'll come around.

EXT. PARAPET

Nick watches Maya's face, animated in the TORCHLIGHT-

MAYA
Twenty yards away there's this grisly murder and they keep chewing grass. Because they know it's not their turn.

NICK
So you just looked it in the eye and you could tell-

JOYCE
(arriving) She's a bit of a hypnotist, our Maya.

Joyce steps out from the base of the SECURITY TOWER-

JOYCE
But she doesn't really approve of our goals here.

MAYA
Wild animals should not-

JOYCE
First of all, they're not wild, they're bio-engineered. We created them.
(MORE)

JOYCE (cont'd)
And like any other weaponized organism, their effectiveness depends on the skill of those who deploy them.

He turns to Nick-

JOYCE
Like any good soldier, eh Nick?

NICK
Good soldiers care what side they're on.

JOYCE
Oh, we're on the side of the angels here-

He pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH and hands it to Nick-

POV - PHOTOGRAPH

In the photo a LITTLE GIRL of about ten sits on a pony, smiling at the camera-

NICK
Who's this?

PARAPET

Joyce looks smug, having played his trump card-

JOYCE
She's the little girl whose life you're going to save.

INT. STRATEGY ROOM - WALL SCREEN

On the large WALL-SCREEN is a blow-up of an AERIAL PHOTO of a section of a PORT CITY-

JOYCE (O.S.)
This section of the docks in Tangier has mostly been abandoned.

A ground-level PHOTO of dilapidated SHACKS AND WAREHOUSES appears on the screen-

JOYCE (O.S.)
Our sources inform us that Isabel Chartiers is being held somewhere in the quarter.

WIDER

Nick sits with Joyce as he clicks the next image onto the screen-

JOYCE
Her father is Betrand Chartiers, chairman of the Duhamel Group, which maintains substantial financial holdings in many of France's former colonies.

A well-dressed businessman, CHARTIERS, appears on the screen-

JOYCE
Two of his employees have already been kidnapped. The first, a minor functionary, was killed during protracted negotiations. With the second, a junior vice president, the company paid the ransom immediately-- with the same result.

A photo of French police carrying a loaded BODY BAG out of a tenement building appears-

NICK
And the kidnappers?

JOYCE
They seem to be motivated by a personal grudge against Monsieur Chartiers as much as by the lure of ransom money. They call themselves the North African Liberation Front, but the little we know of them suggests that their motives are more criminal than political.

NICK
And you're sure she's still alive?

Joyce hits the clicker again. A shaky VIDEO appears on the screen- several black-hooded KIDNAPPERS move about in the foreground and background of a smallish room as little ISABEL faces the lens, sitting at a central table-

ISABEL (VIDEO)
Papa, Maman- j'etais en bon santé mais vous me manquez beaucoup. Ces gens ici m'epouvaisent et il faut que payez a eaux tout ce-qu'ils demandent.

JOYCE
She says she's scared and wants to go home.

They cross to a MODEL of the waterfront quarter laid out on a table-

JOYCE
That arrived yesterday. They've given Chartiers a week to deliver two million euros.

NICK
A week is-

JOYCE
-is all we've got. We can only hope they'll keep her alive at least till the ransom exchange.

NICK
I could take a half-dozen good men and-

JOYCE
And what? Knock on doors? The quarter is a half-mile square. Our deinonychus, given a few personal articles, will sniff the girl out within minutes.

NICK
So let one of them find her and we'll-

JOYCE
Come in with guns blazing? You notice in the videos, they always have her in the center- to shoot at them, you put her in the middle of a fire-fight. But if the only shooting, should there be any, comes from <u>them</u>-

NICK
And what if your dinosaurs bust in and one of the kidnappers keeps his head long enough to turn a gun on her?

JOYCE
(shrugs) Then she will be spared the very graphic sight of what happens next.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Nick stands before the five Xes, who are lined up outside the chute, staring at him-

Sherman, portable radio control in hand, and Maya stand behind him-

Behind them are Joyce, Zeiss, and a DOZEN of von Drax's 'Mercenaries', armed and wary. Everybody is wearing one of the pheromone armbands-

Nick is in drill sergeant mode now, standing at parade rest and calling out-

NICK
Any soldier worth his pay has a name to answer to, not a number. Even the most sniveling little lap dog answers to its name- Zeiss!

ZEISS
(instinctively) Sir?

NICK
See what I mean?

Nick walks slowly along the line of Xes, from highest to lowest-

NICK
Achilles-- Hector-- Perseus-- Orestes---

He pauses in front of X-1, the biggest and most uneasy-looking of the group, considers-

NICK
-Spartacus.

He turns to address the humans-

NICK
You will learn these names and from this moment forward will not fail to refer to and address the warriors by them. Only three members of the team will be chosen for the mission at hand, but all will be trained for it.

He looks specifically at Maya-

NICK
From now on- and this is very important- all military directives will be given by me and by me only. Is that understood?

INT. LABORATORY CHAMBER - RAPTOR ENCLOSURE

Very low light level. Spartacus slowly moves across the room toward a table with a soccer ball, a boombox radio and a roast pig on a platter lined up on it-

OBSERVATION ROOM

Nick, Maya, Sherman, and behind them, Joyce, watch a NIGHT-VISION version of Spartacus' movement on a MONITOR-

NICK
Okay, give him the works.

Sherman flips a switch and-

ENCLOSURE

BLAM! Pop! Pop! Pop! At-at-at-at-at-at-at! SOUNDS of GUNFIRE and FLASHES on all sides of Spartacus. He ROARS, then hurries to the table and sniffs each item, settling on the boombox, which he deftly lifts up in one clawed hand and moves back to the other side of the enclosure-

OBSERVATION ROOM

Nick clicks a STOPWATCH-

NICK
Stimulus off.

Sherman hits a switch and the fireworks stop, the LIGHTS turn on in the enclosure. Spartacus turns to glare at Nick. Nick nods back to him, clicks on a speaker-

NICK
(into speaker) Excellent work, Spartacus. (to Sherman) Shoot him some love, Sherman.

Sherman turns a dial-

MAYA
You're overdoing it with the serotonin.

NICK
(nods) Tomorrow we'll reward and punish with insulin. Remind them that we control their vital functions.

MAYA
We're making them into a bunch of drug addicts.

NICK
Some day a pat on the back and a 'Good boy' might be enough to motivate them.

He stares back at the defiant Spartacus-

NICK
I don't think we're there yet.

EXT. VALLEY

MILITARY MUSIC as we FOLLOW the raptors over and through a kind of OBSTACLE COURSE. They balance as they cross a single-log bridge, climb a mock-up of a two-story tenement wall with fire escape, jump down, pick up speed to hurdle a trench full of FIRE and finally slow to a cautious walk, sniffing at the ground as they go-

We PAN to Nick, Joyce and Maya watching, all them wearing helmets with safety visors, standing behind a protective WALL-

JOYCE
Von Drax is not going to be happy if one of his investments gets blown apart here.

NICK
If they can't sniff out a mine six
inches under the dirt their
aggressiveness becomes a liability--
look at this-

We SHIFT to see the raptors. The others are holding back, watching, as Achilles sniffs his way through the minefield, occasionally pressing his tail against the ground-

MAYA
There's a scent gland under his
tail-

NICK
He's marking a trail for the
others.

JOYCE
Did you teach them that?

NICK
I wish I had. Saves time, only
risks one member of the team-

MAYA
Insightful behavior.

They watch as Achilles gets to the other side of the minefield, calls back to the others with a CLICKING noise. The other four wind their way, single file, along the exact route Achilles took-

NICK
Makes you wonder what else they've
been cooking up.

Spartacus, at the rear, shoots a look to Nick-

EXT. TRAINING ENCLOSURE - ANOTHER DAY

Maya stands at the center of the cage where she took the harness off Achilles. She is surrounded by the raptors, standing at 'attention'. She has an armful of LITTLE GIRL'S CLOTHING-

Sherman and Nick stand outside the enclosure with Zeiss and a few other Mercenaries-

SHERMAN
When each one sniffs her clothing
I'll give him a jolt-

MAYA
We want them to protect her, not be afraid of her.

SHERMAN
What then?

MAYA
Oxytocin to the forebrain.

SHERMAN
They're not going into labor-

MAYA
In males it reduces infanticide, promotes parenting behavior and long-term pair bonding.

NICK
The Daddy drug. Didn't know there was one.

SHERMAN
I'm doing this under protest.

He dials in the oxytocin as Maya offers the clothes up for each raptor to sniff-

NICK
We should repeat this every day till the mission. That smell is all they'll have to track her down.

EXT. VALLEY - PRACTICE BUILDINGS - ANOTHER DAY

Four PRACTICE BUILDINGS, shells that have been rigged up to resemble what we've seen in the waterfront quarter, stand not too far from the chute-

Three of the raptors- Spartacus, Perseus and Orestes- trot out of the chute, each now wearing something like a FLAK VEST strapped around their bodies. They cluster together-

OBSERVATION BLIND

Nick, Joyce, Maya, and Sherman are in a dugout OBSERVATION BLIND nearby, watching the raptors directly and on VIDEO MONITORS-

JOYCE
The body armor doesn't seem to bother them.

SHERMAN
They're used to harnesses. It's fairly light-weight-

Maya points to a METER-

MAYA
They're talking it over.

CU METER

An oscilloscope-like READOUT is hopping all over the place-

MAYA (O.S.)
Ultra-sounds,-

RAPTORS

The three raptors have spread out as they approach the buildings, throats working but no sound we can hear coming out-

MAYA (O.S.)
-way out of our range.

SPARTACUS

Spartacus lifts his snout, catching the scent. He makes a deep GRUNT and the others join him, looking at a smallish SHED made of corrugated metal. They split up, each taking a different spot to surround the shed-

OBSERVERS

NICK
That's it, fellas, triangulate-

SPARTACUS, RAPTORS

Spartacus opens his jaws to make another ultra-sound, and the three charge in unison!

WHAM! Orestes head-butts through the front door!

SMASH! Perseus hops feet-first through a side window!

CRUUUUNCH! Spartacus hits the opposite side, punching his forearms through the corrugated metal and ripping a huge section of the wall away!

Pa-pap-pap-pap-pap-pap! Blam! Blam! TEST DUMMIES dressed like the kidnappers and holding WEAPONS are triggered to open up FIRING loud bursts of blank ammo!

The raptors rip into the dummies, weapons and body parts flying, dispatching a quartet of them in seconds. They turn on the last dummy, Orestes about to take a bite- then freezing-

It is a DUMMY of a small GIRL, dressed like Isabel Chartiers in the video. Orestes sniffs, knocking the dummy over on its side. Spartacus GRUNTS and Orestes moves away. The alpha raptor steps in, sniffs, then gently takes the dummy in its claws and rights it-

OBSERVATION BLIND

Joyce is ecstatic-

JOYCE
That was spectacular! Even with the kidnappers loaded up and on full alert-

NICK
(less impressed) Thin walls, no corridors to go down-

JOYCE
They're ready.

NICK
Sure. They're ready to take on an army of dummies. Flesh and blood kidnappers, though-

JOYCE
Ready or not, the payoff is scheduled for Thursday. We go tomorrow.

Joyce climbs out of the bunker. Nick is not pleased with the hurry-up-

NICK
(to Sherman) Blast them with bliss, Sherman. And feed them when they get back inside.

INT. CAVERN LABORATORY - NIGHT

Not much happening in the lab tonight. A MAINTENANCE MAN runs a FLOOR BUFFER-

INT. RAPTOR ENCLOSURE

LIGHTS HALF-DIMMED, the raptors move slowly, uneasy-

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Nick sits alone, watching his warriors-

MAYA (O.S.)
You be careful tomorrow.

Nick looks up to see Maya joining him-

NICK
I'm not the one they'll be shooting at.

MAYA
It's not the kidnappers you have to worry about. (nods toward raptors) When it goes down, just make sure you're somewhere safe.

NICK
I've seen you walk right up to them-

MAYA
When I was in the ring with the big cats I learned never to think they were my friends. You turn your back and-- well, they can't help themselves-

NICK
What if one went for you when you were looking it straight in the eye?

MAYA
If you let them have the DNA they'll probably let you go.

NICK
(shakes his head) Not here. I was held in the desert for fourteen months. No war had been declared, so we were just- if we'd all disappeared nobody would have made a fuss. She must be so scared-

Maya smiles sadly, gives him a kiss on the cheek-

MAYA
Good luck tomorrow.

She exits. Nick goes back to contemplating the raptors-

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - TANGIER - NIGHT

A big TRUCK pulls up at the edge of the decaying Tangier waterfront, a battered SUV gliding to a stop next to it-

The tailgate of the truck swings down hydraulically, becoming a RAMP-

Spartacus, Perseus and Orestes step down the ramp. They are rigged up in the protective armor with the addition of a small night-vision VIDEO CAMERA on each, mounted on the shoulder-

SUV - NICK

The INTERIOR of the SUV is totally different than its outside. Very high-tech, with three MONITORS being fed by each of the raptors, letting us know what they see-

Nick is wearing a pheromone armband and a speaker set on his head, leaving his hands free-

NICK
Squadron hold. Camouflage.

PERSEUS

Perseus pauses by an ancient two-story WAREHOUSE. A faded SIGN indicates it has something to do with olive oil. Perseus sniffs, then lifts his head and opens his jaws wide, calling ultra-sonically. Spartacus, then Orestes appear to join him. They put their heads together, facing the building-

SUV - NICK

Nick gets a good look at the building from the raptors' cameras, checks on his locator grid-

NICK
(into radio) Looks like we've got something- Sector twelve, building three-six-two-

He brings the SUV to a stop, unhooks his seatbelt and lifts a short-barrelled AUTOMATIC WEAPON from the seat beside him-

NICK
(muttering to himself) Let's just hope it's not a meat-packing plant.

WAREHOUSE

Perseus stays by the FRONT ENTRANCE as-

Orestes moves around back to the LOADING DOCK-

And Spartacus painstakingly climbs the FIRE ESCAPE that leads up to a second floor WINDOW-

INT. WAREHOUSE

We are inside the warehouse on the GROUND FLOOR, rows of BARRELS full of OLIVE OIL taking up much of the space. We move past them to see a trio of KIDNAPPERS asleep on cots, weapons within arm's reach-

Four MORE KIDNAPPERS sit at a small table under a harsh light playing cards, their weapons propped against chair legs or lying on the table-

We CONTINUE past these men to a set of iron STAIRS, CRANING UP to the second-floor LOFT. We push through an open door into the old OFFICE-

Two MCRE KIDNAPPERS sleep on mattresses on the floor, while a third sits near the window, feet up on the ancient desk, Uzi on his lap, yawning and nodding off-

In the middle of the room, curled up in a big upholstered EASY CHAIR with the stuffing coming out the arms, is ISABEL CHARTIERS-

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nick is out of the SUV now, ready to roll, looking in through the window at the grid locator-

LOCATOR SCREEN

The raptors, represented by three BLINKING RED DOTS, have surrounded the building-

NICK

Nick, tense, speaks low into his headset-

NICK
All together, boys. You're go to enter-

EXT. WAREHOUSE - FIRE ESCAPE LADDER, SPARTACUS

We watch the claws of Spartacus' foot grip the next rung up-

He shifts his weight ever so slowly, the fire escape metal CREAKING just a bit. One more step- he's up on the platform, looking in the window-

INT. OFFICE

The kidnapper at the desk is nearly asleep, his back to the window as the massive head appears behind him, peering in-

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

Spartacus calls in ultra-sound then-

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE

SMASH! Spartacus thrusts his head through the window, ROARS, then grabs the dozing kidnapper in his jaws, the man SCREAMING as he is lifted and shaken!

GROUND FLOOR

WHAM! Perseus batters his way through the front entrance door, sprawling off-balance, knocking into piled BARRELS and sending them crashing to and rolling on the floor!

CRASH! RIP! Orestes begins to tear apart the metal loading dock DOOR in the rear-

The kidnappers at the table grab for their weapons but BAM! Perseus charges through them, splintering the table with a mighty blow and sending the men flying-

INT. COMMAND WAREHOUSE

The mercenaries grab weapons and run out-

JOYCE
Go! Go! Go!

As they run out we TILT DOWN to a MONITOR. We see a TERRIFIED KIDNAPPER firing his weapon toward the camera-

INT. OLIVE OIL WAREHOUSE - OFFICE

Spartacus has smashed his way in through the window, the two men on the mattresses awake now and Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap! FIRING at him!

ISABEL

Isabel is sitting up, confused and terrified- she ducks as a deinonychus foot clamps onto the arm of the chair, Spartacus using it as a springboard to leap across the room onto the kidnappers!

Isabel throws her blanket over her head and curls into fetal position. We hear THRASHING and SCREAMING-

GROUND FLOOR

Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap! The kidnappers scatter, FIRING their weapons, tripping over barrels and upended furniture, sliding on the olive-oil-slicked floor-

-but both Orestes and Perseus are in now and in full attack mode- leaping, sliding, stabbing with their sickle-claws, grabbing men in their jaws and hurling them across the room!

Two of the kidnappers duck out the front entrance-

One kidnapper tries to run up the iron stairs to the office. He gets halfway up when CHOMP! Orestes nails him from behind-

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nick is hurrying down the street toward the warehouse. The two escaped kidnappers come rushing around the corner, see him- Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap! they open up with their Uzis, Nick diving for cover behind the burnt-out hulk of a tire-less, ABANDONED CAR-

ROUNDS smash into the wreck, tearing chunks of metal off around Nick's head. Not the greatest cover-

We shoot from profile as the kidnappers walk toward Nick, FIRING as they come-

We change angle- we're fifty yards behind them and coming fast- WHAM! Perseus flattens one of the men, running over him from behind, then wheels and jumps on the other, tearing at him!

Nick jumps up and runs past the raptor to the warehouse-

INT. WAREHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR

Nick enters through the front entrance. We FOLLOW him as he steps over smashed barrels, busted furniture, discarded weapons, dead bodies and spreading puddles of olive oil. He pauses at the foot of the iron stairs, listens. Quiet. He calls up-

NICK
It's me! I'm coming up!

He changes channels on his headset, speaks more softly-

NICK
I'm in the building, no resistance apparent. Shut them down. Repeat- shut them down, now!

He climbs the iron staircase, weapon at ready, squeezing by a kidnapper's BODY hanging upside-down. He reaches the top, steps into the office-

Spartacus and Orestes face him, one side of Spartacus' head a mess, BLOOD dripping down from it. Spartacus stands with one foot resting on the overturned easy chair. They look wild-eyed and not shut down at all, but don't attack-

Nick takes a step forward. Spartacus HISSES. Nick freezes, looks around at the devastation in the room- BLOOD on the walls, mattresses torn to shreds, one BODY hanging half out of the window--

NICK
Where is she?

Spartacus GROWLS-

NICK
You've done good work here. Outstanding. Where is the girl?

He sees the chair beneath the raptor's foot-

NICK
Back. Move back.

Spartacus hesitates, then slowly steps away from the chair, not taking his eyes off Nick. Orestes is starting to nod as the radio-controlled neuropeptides do their work-

Nick steps forward, lifts the chair away-

A small figure under a blanket, not moving-

Nick takes the edge of the blanket, lifts-

EXT. WAREHOUSE - STREET

A half-dozen VEHICLES screech to halt in front of the warehouse, mercenaries jumping out, fully armed-

JOYCE
Surround the warehouse! We don't know what's going to come out of there-

MAYA

Hold your fire!

She points-

Nick steps out of the warehouse with Isabel in his arms, the little girl clutching at his neck and regarding the mercenaries with wide eyes as he carries her through them to Maya at the AMBULANCE-

ISABEL

Sont réels les monstres que j'avais vue? (Were those monsters I saw real?)

NICK

Non, non- c'est seulement un rëve. (No- it's only a dream.)

Nick hands Isabel off to a MEDIC-

NICK

Ces gens tu portez a tes parents. C'est fini, ton cauchemar. (These people will take you to your parents. Your nightmare is all over.)

Joyce is ecstatic-

JOYCE

Not a scratch on her! How are the boys?

NICK

Spartacus is shot up pretty bad. There's- there's a lot of cleaning up to do in there.

Joyce signals to Zeiss-

JOYCE

Get on it.

The mercenaries hurry into the warehouse. Maya steps close to Nick-

MAYA

You okay?

Nick grins. He is stoked from the action, the success of the rescue-

NICK
Never better.

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

FLOODLIGHTS illuminate the COURTYARD of the castle as a HELICOPTER lowers and settles onto the ground. Von Drax and his house staff are waiting, and break into APPLAUSE as Nick and the others step out of the chopper-

INT. DINING HALL - CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

POP! The cork goes flying and CHAMPAGNE is dealt into glasses-

Von Drax is at the head of the table, toasting Nick, Joyce, Maya and Sherman-

VON DRAX
Tonight, my friends, we have made history!

JOYCE
To our victorious reptiles!

They raise their glasses and drink-

VON DRAX
(excited) The video was thrilling- I felt like I was in the room with them!

JOYCE
Be thankful that you weren't.

VON DRAX
I think we are quite ready to show our capabilities to the world market.

NICK
Market?

JOYCE
There's another mission we've been planning, Nick. On a larger scale-

VON DRAX
And this time several interested parties will be on hand to watch- including a representative from your country's Special Forces, Mr. Harris.

JOYCE
We want you on board, Nick.

Nick considers a moment-

NICK
Do I have a choice?

JOYCE
I watched you out there. You were in your element.

Maya watches Nick, still flushed with victory, worried-

JOYCE
It's in your blood.

INT. RAPTOR ENCLOSURE

Hector and Achilles put their heads together with Orestes and Perseus, exchanging CHIRPING and CLICKING NOISES. War stories----

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STRATEGY ROOM - TABLE MODEL - DAY

We look down on a TABLE TOP MODEL of an extensive jungle fortress-- checkpoints, guardhouses, barracks, drug processing buildings and a lavish hacienda-style home-

JOYCE (O.S.)
Pepe Aguilar controls a large percentage of the heroin and cocaine still moving out from Latin America.

ROOM

JOYCE
He has a private army, his own fleet of cargo planes, and here, at Cuchibamba, a state-of-the-art processing plant.

Joyce and Nick regard the layout. Nick nods to the BLOW-UPS of AERIAL PHOTOS mounted on the wall-

NICK
So bomb it off the map.

JOYCE
Aguilar also keeps several dozen prisoners in the compound- kidnapped members of prominent families, politicians from all the major and minor parties, and, most importantly, the president's favorite niece. He's way back in the jungle here- to make a surprise attack with the number of ground troops you'd need-

NICK
It wouldn't be much of a surprise.

JOYCE
It's the perfect scenario for our very unique services. Penetrate their defenses and eliminate Pepe Aguilar-

NICK
-without hurting the hostages. This isn't a special ops mission, it's an invasion.

JOYCE
(nods) I suspect we'll need the whole team this time.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY - ENCLOSURE

Nick, Maya, Sherman and mercenary team face a pair of SPITTERS through the bars of the enclosure. Both have control implants on their heads-

NICK
These things were on the island.

SHERMAN
(shrugs) They seem to thrive underground. Hard to track them all down-

NICK
Were they bio-engineered?

Sherman flips down the plexiglas faceplate on his SAFETY HELMET, takes three steps toward the enclosure-

SHERMAN
Not to the extent the deinonychus are, but they're relatively controllable. *Chlymidosaurus sputori*- *'chlymidosaurus'* meaning 'frilled lizard', and *sputori* meaning-

One of the spitters raises its spiny mantle and hawks a plug of sticky BLACK MUCUS, CHHHHHOKKK! ---

-through the air where it sticks, SPLAT! to Sherman's faceplate-

SHERMAN
-well, you get the idea. We've trained these spitters with the idea that there might be some tight spaces we need access to-

NICK
(naming them) From now on they're Casper and Pollux.

Sherman wipes his faceplate clean, looks at the spitters-

SHERMAN
Which is which?

EXT. COMPOUND MOCK-UP - ANOTHER DAY

Various of the drug lair structures have been recreated in the valley training area. The control Humvee waits by a GUARD TOWER checkpoint-

GUARD TOWER - JOYCE

Joyce, Zeiss and ANOTHR MERCENARY stand on top of the tower, Joyce watching the distance through binoculars-

INT. HUMVEE

Nick, Sherman and Maya watch the monitors in the Humvee-

NICK
(over radio) Send them out.

EXT. VALLEY - CHUTE

Casper and Pollux emerge from the CHUTE, followed by the five deinonychus. All are fitted with body armor and shoulder-mounted cameras-

INT. HUMVEE

Nick speaks into his headset-

NICK
Squad forward to objective.
Maximum alert.

They watch the monitors as the animals head cautiously for the trees-

NICK
You'd think that the big ones would just eat the little ones.

SHERMAN
We threw a chlymidosaurus in with the big boys early on. They've got glands full of that toxin they expectorate-

MAYA
The deinonychus were sick for days.

NICK
I bet the spitter wasn't too thrilled about it either.

EXT. WOODS

Casper and Pollux lead the squad, slightly spread out, through the woods. Casper suddenly stops, HISSING, his spiny MANTLE popping out-

He is standing a few inches from a TRIP WIRE, about a two feet high, that runs from tree to tree-

The deinonychus carefully step over the wire as the spitters furiously dig, quickly burrowing under it-

INT. HUMVEE

The humans watch on the dino-cam monitors-

EXT. WOODS

The squad has come to a spot where the trees thin out and we can see a metal FENCE ahead, eight feet high, with CONCERTINA WIRE on the top edge-

They slow, the bigger deinonychus stepping to the fore-

INT. HUMVEE

NICK
(over radio) Alright, direct entry this time. Flying wedge.

We see some rearranging of their positions on the monitors-

NICK
Go!

MONITORS

On two of the monitors we see the POV as the bearer rushes toward the fence-

EXT. TREES

Spartacus and Hector are sprinting full tilt toward the fence as the others trot behind them. WHAM! they leap in unison and hit the fence with both hindlegs extended, flattening a ten-foot section and making a breech! The others pour through and all spread out into the mock-up compound-

EXT. COMPOUND - TOWER

Joyce brings his binoculars down-

JOYCE
Here they come!

INT. HUMVEE - MONITOR

On one of the SPITTER'S MONITORS we see a somewhat camouflaged MACHINE GUN BUNKER up ahead. The spitter dives in-

EXT./INT. BARRACKS

We FOLLOW as Orestes and Perseus bust into a long BARRACKS BUILDING, tossing furniture and NARCO DUMMIES as they hustle from one end to the other-

EXT. COURTYARD

Achilles bursts into the courtyard where the guard tower and Humvee sit, immediately WHAM! charging to butt his head against the base of the tower, knocking it off center!

HUMVEE

NICK
He's supposed to climb that, not knock it over-

MAYA
It's Achilles--

NICK
Shut him down!

TOWER

WHAM! another charging head-butt and the tower is at a forty-five degree angle, wood beginning to CRACK and give way-

JOYCE
Shut him off! Shut him off!

Achilles takes another running start, this time jumping on the side of the tower, his weight bringing it CRASHING to the ground! The men roll out of the crow's nest, the mercenary coming up FIRING, Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap! but Achilles sileces him with a deadly downward swipe of his sickle-claw!

HUMVEE

NICK
Off! Shut them off, all of them!

SHERMAN
I have! They should be unconscious!

WHAM! Achilles hits the Humvee broadside with his head and they are rolled upside down! Nick tries to clear his pistol as Sherman freaks-

SHERMAN
Oh please don't eat me don't eat me don't eat me!

Quiet. Very quiet. Then a face appears at the passenger-side window, Nick whipping his gun around-

JOYCE
Easy. He's down.

ACHILLES

The deinonychus lies on his side, breathing shallowly, a glazed look on his eyes, as Nick, Maya and Joyce approach. Sherman sits on the side of the flipped Humvee behind them, shaking uncontrollably-

JOYCE
A berserker. We've had problems with him before.

NICK
I think he knew exactly what he was doing.

SHERMAN
The response time on all of them keeps getting longer-

MAYA
They're not machines! You can't just point your finger and expect them to kill whoever you-

JOYCE
Are you suggesting that they have a conscience?

MAYA
It would be nice if someone around here did.

JOYCE
If you're not behind the program, Maya, you can always-

MAYA
Quit? I'd be dead before I got across the moat.

It's out in the open now, Joyce and Maya glaring at each other. Zeiss returns, rifle in hand-

ZEISS
The others are all down, too. Looks like they were just taking care of business.

He gives Achilles a hard kick in the ribs-

ZEISS
It's just this son of a-

MAYA
He sees and hears everything you do.

ZEISS
Not for long.

Zeiss buts the barrel of the rifle to Achilles' temple-

JOYCE
Belay that! We need to know what went wrong here. (calls to Sherman) I want a full work-up on him and a report tomorrow morning. We don't have time for this!

Maya is looking down at the BODY of the slain mercenary-

MAYA
What about him?

JOYCE
(shrugs) Accidents happen.

He steps close her, menacing-

JOYCE
Which is why we must all be very careful.

EXT. COURTYARD - EVENING

The courtyard is lit up with TORCHES. Baron von Drax is engaging in some target practice- shooting bolts from an ancient CROSSBOW across the courtyard to SHATTER porcelain VASES that have been set up in a row. Joyce looks on as Kroner reloads the crossbow after every shot-

NICK

Nick steps out from the base of the tower just as SMASH! a vase is shattered only a few feet from him. Zeiss stands behind him, armed-

NICK
Nice shot.

VON DRAX
I am an expert with several archaic weapons.

NICK
Very useful, if you run into some archaic enemies.

VON DRAX
And what about you, Mr. Harris- are you a friend or an enemy?

NICK
An employee. (nods to Zeiss) He says you wanted to see me.

VON DRAX
(indicates) Would you mind placing another vase on the stand for me?

Nick picks up a vase from the ground-

NICK
These look expensive.

VON DRAX
Priceless. But I'm tired of them.

Nick reaches to put the vase on the target stand- SMASH! von Drax shoots it out of his hand! Nick looks at his hand, cut and bleeding, then calmly turns to face the Baron-

VON DRAX
As I am tired of waiting for you to return our property.

NICK
We don't really have a deal, do we?

VON DRAX
Your payment-

NICK
My payment isn't much good unless I'm free to spend it.

Von Drax points the reloaded crossbow at Nick's head-

VON DRAX
You wish to leave us?

Nick walks slowly across the courtyard, straight at von Drax. Joyce watches his boss, tense, not sure the Baron won't pull the trigger-

JOYCE
(mutters) We need him-

Nick stops only a few feet away from the deadly crossbow. He speaks softly-

NICK
You're keeping Maya here. She wants to go.

VON DRAX
Miss Lundberg is not one of our more enthusiastic employees, no, but it wouldn't be prudent to-

NICK
You let her leave, no strings, no repercussions, and I tell you where I left the aerosol can.

JOYCE
If she talks about what we're doing here-

NICK
After the demonstration you'll be begging for publicity. The whole point of a strike force like this one is to intimidate the people who don't have one.

JOYCE
And if we let her go then, you'll stay with the program?

NICK
Like you said- it's what I was meant to do.

Von Drax smiles, shifts the aim of the crossbow ever so slightly and FIRES it past Nick's ear. SMASH!

VON DRAX
We have an agreement. Now- where are the embryos?

INT. DUNGEON - ANKYLOSAURUS

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The ankylosaurus methodically smashes his tail into the dungeon wall, a pile of stone and mortar at its feet-

NICK

Nick watches the great armored beast, thinking. Maya joins him, watches for a moment-

NICK
(nods to ankylosaurus) I know how he feels.

MAYA
They're talking to each other.

INT. CAVERN - ISOLATION CAGE

We see Achilles pacing in a steel-reinforced ISOLATION CAGE. He makes a high-pitched CALL, and is answered by several of the other deinonychus, their CALLS echoing from another part of the cavern-

MAYA (O.S.)
They've been going at it for hours.

OBSERVATION BOOTH - NICK AND MAYA

Nick and Maya look in from the booth. Achilles CALLS again-

NICK
He's telling them about his escape attempt. Like any other good prisoner. We used a tapping code.

MAYA
Do you think all that was planned today?

NICK
Somebody has to test the envelope, see how far you can get-

MAYA
What Sherman did today would have killed this animal a month ago. Their brains must be developing new pathways, rearranging circuitry like people do after a stroke-

RRRRRRRRAGHHHHHH! Achilles screams, staring defiantly at the two of them-

NICK
I told them where the embryos were.

MAYA
(horrified) Nick, no! Why would you-

NICK
As soon as this demonstration is over, no matter how it goes, you're free to walk.

MAYA
And you trust them?

NICK
No. But I'll work for them.

MAYA
How can you say that?

NICK
(shrugs) Mercenaries have existed all through history, like weapons. The only question is who's using them and what for.

Maya looks at him for a long moment, glances up-

MAYA'S POV - SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

A wide-lens SECURITY CAMERA stares down at them-

WIDER

Maya leans forward and kisses Nick. She breaks off the kiss, leans her lips close to his ear, WHISPERS-

MAYA
Who do you think had that little girl kidnapped?

NICK

We see into Nick's eyes as he realizes the nature of the devil he's just made a deal with-

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD writes down his observations as he watches Nick and Maya on one of many SURVEILLANCE MONITORS on his desk-

INT. RODRIGO'S BAR/KITCHEN - DAY

Three tough-looking GUYS in shades enter the near-empty bar. They head straight for the back room, the BARTENDER calling out-

BARTENDER
¿En qué puedo servirles, señores?

We FOLLOW them into the KITCHEN. The same Old Man is shucking oysters. He barely looks up as the three enter-

TOUGH GUY
¿El congelador?

The Old Man points with his knife. They go to the freezer, open it-

POV - FREEZER

Nestled among the chilling *cervezas* is the same AEROSOL CAN Nick dug up on Isla Nublar. The head Tough Guy lifts it up to his face, gives it a twist- the top pops up to reveal a CHAMBER in which lie several METAL TUBES-

TOUGH GUY

Eso es.
(This is it.)

Or is it?

BAR

The thugs hurry out of the bar with their prize. The man in the foreground who was passed out with his face on the bar counter raises his head to watch them go. It is OVERTON-

INT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Nick waits at the edge of a CLEARING in the JUNGLE, his ATV parked on a narrow LOGGING ROAD behind him-

He looks at his watch, then at the sky-

We hear the DRONE of AIRPLANES-

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE

A small VILLAGE with a RIVER on one side and the JUNGLE WALL on the other-

A half-dozen MILITARY VEHICLES of various sorts are parked in the center of the village, MERCENARIES waiting around for orders-

INT. HQ BUILDING

Inside the biggest structure a COMMAND HEADQUARTERS has been set up. A bank of DINO-CAM MONITORS takes up one wall, manned by a pair of GRENDEL TECHNICIANS-

REPRESENTATIVES, some in military uniform, some not, from Asia, Europe, Africa, Latin America, and Russia mill around, waiting for the show to start-

Joyce stands nervously looking at his watch, as Baron von Drax chats in German with a uniformed COLONEL nearby, presenting him with a HALBERD from his collection-

The Colonel poses for a SNAPSHOT with the weapon-

Sherman checks his BIO-METERS as Maya sits nearby glumly regarding the scene-

TECHNICIAN
We've got them!

Hub-bub in many languages as the spectators cross to watch the monitors. Joyce acts as master of ceremonies-

JOYCE
Though the objective is not a great distance from here, we felt that any demonstration of our special capabilities should include an aerial insertion-

MONITORS

On most of the monitors we see images too dark or fuzzy to interpret. Suddenly, on one, we see the CARGO DOOR of a TRANSPORT aircraft slide open and the camera is launched into open air as its bearer jumps out! ANOTHER and ANOTHER of the monitors show the same image, open SKY, then bits of the JUNGLE below-

RUSSIAN OBSERVER
What is big deal? Dropping weapons from plane-

A collective GASP as on one monitor Orestes, suspended from a PARACHUTE, swings into frame!

JOYCE
(smug) That, gentlemen, is the big deal.

EXT. CLEARING - SKY

The sky is full of PARACHUTES floating earthward with dinosaurs hanging from them-

We TILT to Nick, who shakes his head in amazement, then speaks into his headset-

NICK
Squad form and proceed to target. You're on your own, fellas.

He gets onto the ATV, shoots a last look at the sky, then motors away down the logging road-

SKY - SPARTACUS

We drift down, shooting past Spartacus toward the clearing from under the canopy of the chute. His powerful legs easily take up the shock of landing-

POP! the BUCKLES on his chute HARNESS separate with a small explosion and the harness falls away, Spartacus stepping away from it. We see other squad members making similar landings in the BG-

INT. HQ BUILDING

The spectators are amazed as they watch-

MONITOR

Captured on another creature's camera, we see CASPER hang up in a tree at the edge of the clearing, chute snagged on branches-

JOYCE (O.S.)
I must inform you that this is the first jump our operatives have undertaken-

POP! the harness releases and Casper falls a few feet before snatching a branch with his tail, then swinging to grab the trunk of the tree before shinnying down quick as a squirrel-

JOYCE
But as you see, they are somewhat more re<u>sil</u>ient than conventional forces.

EXT. CLEARING

The squad quickly melt into the jungle at the far side of the clearing-

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE

Nick pulls up in the ATV, hurries into the HQ building-

INT. HQ BUILDING

Nick crosses to Joyce, glancing at the dino-cam images of jungle being traversed-

JOYCE
I thought we'd lose at least one.

NICK
How do the bio readouts look?

SHERMAN
(watching meters) The heart-rates went through the roof when we dumped them out of the plane, but they're back in predator mode already.

Nick is distracted as he sees a half-dozen narco-looking CHARACTERS watching one of the monitors-

NICK
Who are they?

JOYCE
Those are the gentlemen who hired us.

NICK
They look just like the bunch we're trying to take out.

JOYCE
A rival group. They've made a deal with the government, and their end of it starts with eliminating Pepe Aguilar.

NICK
We're working for drug-runners?

JOYCE
(shrugs) An unproven product, the need for a great deal of discretion- and they were the highest bidders.

Nick scowls as Joyce waves somebody over-

JOYCE
All the major players have sent somebody to observe- you know Andy Slade-

SLADE, a hard-looking American, nods to Nick-

SLADE
Harris. I think it was at a checkpoint on the Turkish border-

NICK
You still in?

SLADE
Consulting. (nods towards monitors) These things know what they're doing?

NICK
Only too well.

TRACKING SCREEN

BLINKING RED DOTS move across the screen toward a rectangular swatch of GREEN-

TRACKING TECHNICIAN
Approaching outer perimeter!

The Tracking Technician points to an eighth blinking dot, way behind the others-

TRACKING TECHNICIAN
This one's still lagging-

ZEISS

Zeiss enters, crosses rapidly to the Baron, whispers something. The Baron's face reddens, he signals Joyce to come over-

We meet Joyce as he joins the Baron-

JOYCE
Something wrong?

ZEISS
The aerosol can has arrived in Draxburg.

JOYCE

Excellent!

VON DRAX

Dr. Wetzel has analyzed the DNA. He saw it right away.

JOYCE

Saw what?

VON DRAX

Hoptoads! He gives us genes from hoptoads!

Joyce looks over at Nick, furious-

JOYCE

(to Zeiss) Stay with Harris and the woman. The slightest sign of sabotage or escape and you kill them.

ZEISS

(smiles) My pleasure.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The raptors move rapidly through thick jungle. Spartacus, in the lead, stops to sniff the air. The others freeze behind him, alert-

Spartacus makes a low GRUNT and Casper and Pollux move forward. The others follow the two spitters, more slowly now-

POLLUX

The spitter slinks with his belly close to the ground, head low, barely disturbing the underbrush. Suddenly he pops his head up and CHLLLLLLOK! spits-

-we WHIP PAN as SPLAT! the black MUCUS GOB hits the lens of a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA mounted in a tree-

INT. NARCO COMPOUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Two OUTER PERIMETER SCREENS are suddenly BLACK on the surveillance CONSOLE. A NARCO-GUARD stands looking over the shoulder of the baffled DESK MAN-

NARCO-GUARD
Qué pasó?
(What happened?)

DESK MAN
Acabamos de perder el imagen-
(We just lost the image-)

NARCO-GUARD
Víste algo?
(Did you see anything?)

DESK MAN
Creo que viera un legarto.
(I think I saw a lizard.)

NARCO-GUARD
Un legarto?
(A lizard?)

The Desk Man spreads his arms to indicate size-

DESK MAN
Un legarto grandote.
(A really big lizard.)

EXT. JUNGLE

A PERIMETER GUARD is out walking sentry at the edge of the jungle, pacing, listening. He stops by a tree, pulls out a cigarette, lights it- suddenly a SPITTER swings down inches from his face, hanging upside-down from a branch by its tail, and SNAP! grabs the startled man's face in its jaws!

Several of the deinonychus pass the grisly scene, hopping like kangaroos over a two-foot-high TRIP WIRE strung between the trees-

ANOTHER AREA - JUNGLE

A loose shot as a SQUAD of NARCO GUARDS pass, automatic weapons ready, searching the trees all around them. Their SQUAD LEADER is talking softly into a cell phone-

SQUAD LEADER
No hay huellas de nadie. Veremos las cámaras- la humedad no las sirve.
(There's no sign of anybody. We'll check the cameras- the humidity is tough on them.)

We let the squad exit frame, HOLD a beat, then Spartacus and Perseus seem to MATERIALIZE from the jungle before our eyes, their chameleon-like camouflage and ability to freeze still so effective that we were staring at them all the while. They move off in the opposite direction-

INT. MACHINE-GUN BUNKER

Two MACHINE-GUNNERS peer out at the jungle through camo-netting, crouched behind their MACHINE GUN in a dirt-floored bunker, listening hard-

MACHINE-GUNNER
*Juro que puedo oir algo- o mejor, sen*__*tir*__ *algo-* (I swear I can hear something- or __sense__ something-)

FWOOOOOSH! Casper bursts up from the floor behind them, DIRT FLYING! As they whirl he HISSES, his spiny MANTLE POPPING OUT-

INT. BARRACKS

We're in the main BARRACKS for the NARCO-SOLDIERS, which looks not unlike a jock dorm at a large university- posters of babes on the walls, guys lounging around in their underwear, smoking, reading magazines, watching a GAMERA (giant Japanese turtle that emits flames from its butt when it flies to the rescue) MOVIE on a BIG SCREEN TV-

WHAM! Orestes bursts in the front entrance!

WHAM! Achilles bursts in the rear entrance!

BEDLAM as the deinonychus charge in from opposite ends, slashing, tearing, chomping at the SCREAMING, terror-stricken narcos!

EXT. COMPOUND - TOWER

Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap! A MACHINE GUN opens up on the main TOWER as Spartacus and Orestes streak into the compound! Hector scrambles up the side of the tower and CHOMP! deals with the SENTRY!

DRUG LAB

A half-dozen NARCOS come running out of the long, rectangular DRUG LAB, BLASTING away with their weapons as Spartacus charges straight at them, rounds smacking into his body armor-

POUNCE! Orestes leaps on top of the men from the ROOF behind them, flattening a pair and then tearing into the others-

INT. JACUZZI ROOM

PEPE AGUILAR, wearing nothing but a lot of gold chains, kicks back in his enormous JACUZZI, water-jets churning away, with a piña colada in hand and SALSA MUSIC on the stereo. He looks up, surprised to be interrupted, as a BODYGUARD hustles in-

BODYGUARD
Nos atacamos!
(We're being attacked!)

PEPE AGUILAR
De quién?
(By who?)

BODYGUARD
(panicked) *Dinosaurios!*
(Dinosaurs!)

Pepe starts to LAUGH-

PEPE AGUILAR
Ha sido probando el producto otra vez! Aquí preparamos las drogas, no las tomamos!
(You've been sampling the product again! We make drugs here- we don't take them!)

The Bodyguard lays an Uzi at the edge of the jacuzzi and hurries away-

BODYGUARD
Le dejo esto!
(I'll leave this for you!)

We HOLD on Pepe, shaking his head-

PEPE AGUILAR
Guardaespaldas pendejos!
(Idiot bodyguards!)

He takes a drink, closes his eyes and sinks back into the CHURNING WATER-

EXT. COMPOUND - PRISONER CORRAL

All around we hear sporadic GUNFIRE and human SCREAMS as Spartacus kills the GUARD in front of a fenced-in area, then CLANG! tears the gate off its hinges-

A couple dozen PRISONERS, kidnapped by the narcos, cower against the back fence as Spartacus steps in, ROARS, then lowers his head to sniff at the petrified occupants-

WOMAN
Se acabo! Se acabo el mundo.
(It's the end! It's the end of the world.)

Spartacus straightens, ROARS again, and exits. A few of the prisoners fall of their knees to give thanks for their salvation-

COURTYARD

GUNFIRE and SCREAMS continue as we FOLLOW a trio of narcos who jump into an SUV and patch out, swerving to avoid Orestes, who is busy demolishing a GUARDHOUSE-

The SUV hurtles toward the exit gate, but-

The ANKYLOSAURUS, last to arrive, is just coming in, its huge armored body filling the opening!

The driver slams on the brakes, throwing the SUV into a sideways skid, DUST billowing up, till SMASH! it hits the ankylosaurus and flips over its back, landing behind it on its side!

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The beast instinctively begins to smash the metal attacker flat with the club on its powerful tail-

INT. DRUG LAB

Hector charges through the long DRUG LAB, chasing terrified WORKERS before him, APPARATUS smashing all around as he rampages through and over the tables, leaving WHITE POWDER flying, sizzling CHEMICAL SPILLS and a spreading FIRE in his wake-

INT. HQ BUILDING

The narcos who have hired Grendel are dismayed as they see the lab trashed on HECTOR'S MONITOR-

HEAD NARCO
This wasn't our deal! What is it doing?!

NICK
What's his problem?

JOYCE
They were hoping to be able to- to re<u>cy</u>cle most of the drugs and equipment in there.

Nick catches Maya shooting him an 'I told you so' look-

TRACKING SCREEN

The blinking dots have congregated in one small area-

TRACKING TECHNICIAN
They're inside Pepe's mansion now!

INT. PEPE'S MANSION - PORTRAIT

A PORTRAIT of Pepe, dressed slick and leaning on a red Porshe, hangs on the wall- SPLAT! SSSSSSSSSS! A plug of SPITTER MUCUS hits the portrait and bubbles, the acid in it burning the canvas-

-we PAN to the HALLWAY, decorated in very expensive, very bad taste, where the BODYGUARD sprints past FIRING the occasional shot behind as Casper chases after him! He ducks around the corner- we hear a ROAR and a SCREAM and then Orestes trots from around the corner with the Bodyguard, still struggling, in his jaws!

LOBBY - STAIRCASE

TROPICAL PLANTS adorn the ostentatious LOBBY that leads to a curving marble STAIRCASE. A pair of NARCOS come running down the staircase, one tripping and sprawling down end-over-end and the other gaining the ground floor and running straight at us but-

Perseus appears above him, leaping over the bannister and landing with both feet THUMP! right on top of the man!

INT. JACUZZI ROOM

Pepe, hearing the SCREAMS and GUNFIRE outside, now has the Uzi in hand and a worried look on his face. BAM! BAM! BAM! Something is battering the vault door that protects him-

HALLWAY

A FIRE has started further down the hallway, SMOKE starting to billow as the ankylosaurus pounds the VAULT DOOR again and again with his tail, the wall around the door starting to CRUMBLE- the smoke envelops the beast just as CRASH! the whole section of wall and door fall inward!

INT. JACUZZI ROOM

Pepe stands in the middle of the still-churning jacuzzi doing his *Scarface* routine, Uzi pointed and ready, trying to see through the smoke-

PEPE AGUILAR
Bueno- quieres jugar?
(Come on- you want to play?)

Suddenly the two spitters leap through the smoke, mantles puffed out, SHREIKING and land SPLASH! SPLASH! smack in the jacuzzi with Pepe!

We hear SCREAMING, SPLASHING, SNARLING as BLOOD sprays on the fluffy white towels hanging on the wall-

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE

Joyce leads the OBSERVERS out to their waiting vehicles-

JOYCE
We'll head over while they're mopping up and you can get a closer look.

RUSSIAN OBSERVER
This is safe?

VON DRAX
If we can turn them on, I assure you we can turn them off.

They pass and Nick and Maya exit. Zeiss is waiting by a vehicle, pointing his PISTOL at Nick's head-

ZEISS
You two are coming with me.

NICK
Our deal was-

ZEISS
Just get in!

EXT/INT. DRUG COMPOUND - VARIOUS SHOTS

Quiet. The place looks bombed-out-

Toppled TOWERS-

Burning BUILDINGS-

The trashed, burning interior of the LAB-

BODIES and furniture strewn around in the BARRACKS. On the huge TV, lying on its side now, Gamera is saving small Japanese children-

The ANKYLOSAURUS is peacefully grazing on the tropical foliage in the LOBBY of Pepe's mansion, BLOOD SMEARS on the white marble floor and staircase-

BLOOD fills the still churning JACUZZI-

The kidnapped PRISONERS cautiously step out from their enclosure for a look-

COURTYARD

The squad, all present except the ankylosaurus, regroups in courtyard. Achilles is badly wounded, BLOOD covering his throat and staining his body armor. Spartacus approaches him slowly, and CRACK! lashes out with a front claw to smash the shoulder-mounted camera! He reaches up and grasps the CONTROL-IMPLANT with his dextrous claws and RIPS it from Achilles' ear!

EXT. LOGGING ROAD

A CONVOY of vehicles, the CONTROL WAGON in the lead, moves down the narrow dirt road through the jungle-

INT. CONTROL WAGON

Joyce and Sherman watch, incredulous, as the other raptors follow suit, SMASHING each other's cameras, one dashboard monitor after another going BLACK!

SHERMAN
What are they doing?

JOYCE
Deactivate! I want them out of commission when we get there!

EXT. DRUG COMPOUND

The raptors, with their cameras and implants all destroyed, head out through the front gate, stepping over the flipped, battered SUV-

INT. CONTROL WAGON

Sherman watches the TRACKING SCREEN in the vehicle with mounting alarm-

SHERMAN
They're still moving-

JOYCE
Why?

SHERMAN
I don't know!

JOYCE
Where are they going?

Sherman watches the BLINKING RED DOTS for a moment. He gives Joyce a scared look-

SHERMAN
Toward us.

INT. VEHICLE - NICK AND MAYA

Zeiss has the pistol casually pointed toward Nick as he drives, Maya in the back seat-

ZEISS
Did you think you could fool us with the frogs?

NICK
I figured once I had the can somebody was going to come after me. Setting up a decoy was just a way to buy time.

MAYA
What are you talking about?

ZEISS
Your boyfriend gave us the wrong can of genes.

Maya looks to Nick, thrilled to hear this-

MAYA
You- ?

Zeiss looks up ahead-

ZEISS
Why are we stopping?

CONVOY

Joyce is out front, looking ahead down the narrow logging road, worried. Kroner, driving, sticks his head out of the Control Wagon-

KRONER
It's too narrow to turn around.

JOYCE
Well we can't back up all the way to the village!

SHERMAN
(calls from inside wagon) They're a quarter mile away and coming fast!

DRIVERS and OBSERVERS are popping out of their vehicles now to see what the holdup is. The Baron calls, impatient-

VON DRAX
Why do we wait?

JOYCE
There's a problem on the road
ahead.

VON DRAX
What could be the pr- (sees) *Mein Gott in Himmel!*

We WHIP PAN to see the squad of raptors tearing down the road toward the convoy!

Everyone jumps back into their vehicles and there is a desperate automotive scramble as they all try to turn around and speed away at once, resulting in something like a demolition derby, vehicles SMASHING into each other and into trees, getting stuck in the muck alongside the road and then-

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAWWWWWWWGH! Spartacus and his squad hit the convoy like a tidal wave, butting, slashing, kicking, knocking the small vehicles over and stomping on the larger ones-

One MERCENARY is plucked clean off his MOTORCYCLE by Hector, while another dodges away, only to have Pollux leap onto the back of it and wrap his arms around the MOTORCYCLIST. The guy glances back to see who is hitchhiking, SCREAMS as the spitter opens its jaws!

The NARCOS' CAR, one tire slashed and bumping, and the MERCEDES carrying the Baron manage to turn and speed away-

In Nick's car SMASH! a deinonychus foot busts through the windshield, sickle-claw pinning Zeiss to his seat! Nick and Maya bail out their doors-

Orestes and Perseus pursue a half-dozen OBSERVERS into the jungle. WHUMP! Slade, thoroughly chewed-upon, falls from above and lands hard on top of an SUV!

INT. MERCEDES

Baron von Drax looks over his DRIVER's shoulder. The narco car ahead is fishtailing, unable to make speed and hold the road with the front tire blown-

VON DRAX
Schnell! Schnell!

DRIVER
It's in our way!

VON DRAX
Then push it out of the way!

The Driver mashes the gas pedal-

LOGGING ROAD

The vehicles blast towards us, the Mercedes catching the tail of the narco car and WHAM! knocking it sideways to head-on against a roadside tree! One narco flies over us through the windshield and the Mercedes blows by. Achilles peels off to attack the remaining narcos as they stagger out of the wreck and Spartacus continues after the Baron's ride-

INT. MERCEDES

The Baron is terrified-

VON DRAX
We don't stop at the village, we go straight to the helicopter!

THUMP! Something heavy rocks the car from above-

VON DRAX
Was iss loess?

CRUNCH! CLAWS punch through the roof above the driver's head! RIP! The roof is pulled open like the lid of a sardine can! The Driver loses control, the Mercedes slewing sideways and SMASH! coming to rest on its side in the trees!

Baron von Drax climbs out of the totalled Mercedes over the dead body of the Driver-

He stands, turns-- Spartacus towers over him, ROARING-

VON DRAX
Nein! Nein! Du bist mein kind!

But Spartacus is not moved by this profession of kinship and IMPALES von Drax with a thrust of his sickle-claw!

SHERMAN

Sherman, one lens knocked out of his glasses and bleeding from the scalp, clumsily but hastily climbs a tree-

CONVOY

Smashed and upended vehicles litter the logging road. Quiet now.

Maya crawls out from under a trashed Humvee, right into the legs of-

-Joyce. Claw-marks and blood on his chest, pistol in his hand, still a little stunned-

JOYCE
They didn't stop. No insulin, no adrenaline-

MAYA
Willpower.

Joyce turns his attention to her, points his pistol-

JOYCE
They'll be back, you know.

MAYA
Probably.

JOYCE
No reason to think they won't kill you, too.

MAYA
No reason.

He brings the pistol very close, aiming right between her eyes-

JOYCE
I'll save them the trouble-

WHOOOMP! Nick flies out of nowhere, tackling Joyce, and BLAM! the pistol going off as they hit the ground!

They roll, trading punches, struggling to strangle each other, the pistol left on the ground-

Joyce kicks Nick off him, rolls to his knees, looks about-

The HALBERD von Drax gave to the Colonel lies on the ground just beside him!

Joyce comes up with the halberd and SWISH! SWISH! swings it expertly, tauntingly at Nick, backing him up toward the trees-

JOYCE
I was wrong about you, Nick. I thought you were smart. I thought they'd baked all the idealism out of your skull in that POW camp.

SWISH! He takes a mighty swing, Nick just able to duck under it-

Maya pounces on the discarded PISTOL, aims, pulls the trigger-

Out of ammo.

Joyce swings, slicing Nick across the shoulder, Nick backing up warily, BLEEDING-

JOYCE
How did you do it, Nick? How did you sabotage this?

NICK
They did it on their own. They watched and waited-

Joyce makes a rush and Nick falls backwards over a root. He is helpless at Joyce's feet, Joyce with the halberd raised over his head like a woodsman about to chop-

JOYCE
They're animals, Nick. Throw them a bone and they'll do what you want-

He hears a METAL SOUND as something behind him steps on car debris, whirls and THUNK! buries the halberd blade into the armored chest of Achilles, tottering above him!

Achilles ROARS, grabs the halberd shaft and yanks it out of his armor. He drops it and lunges for Joyce!

Nick scrambles away on his hands and knees as we hear Joyce SCREAMING as he's torn to bits-

Achilles drops Joyce's body to the ground, turns to step toward Nick-

MAYA
Achilles, no! Stop.

BLOOD is pumping out of the WOUND in the raptor's neck, his eyes swimming in and out of focus, his blood sugar all used up. He turns to look at Maya, tilting his head, trying to understand-

He takes another step then FALLS like tall timber-

MAYA
Nick!

Maya starts toward him but is cut off by Casper, the spitter darting in front of her, HISSING and DISPLAYING-

NICK
Don't move!

Spartacus and the others come out of the trees, ringing around them. Spartacus sniffs Maya's body and face, Maya standing absolutely still, looking him in the eye-

He steps away, rolls Achilles' body over with his foot, sniffs it, then Nick- and then straightens. He TRUMPETS in triumph and trots off into the trees, the rest of the squad following!

Maya runs to Nick, who is examining his bleeding shoulder-

MAYA
Are you all right?

NICK
First time I've been wounded with a fifteenth century weapon. How far you think they'll get without insulin?

Maya looks into the jungle where the raptors disappeared-

MAYA
Hard to say.

He puts his arm over her shoulder and they walk away from us, back down the logging road toward the village-

MAYA
So where are the embryos? The real ones?

NICK
My deal was with John Hammond. What he does with them-- well, let's hope it turns out better than the last time.

SHERMAN - TREE

DUSK is starting to fall. Birds CALL, INSECTS HUM. Sherman decides it might be all clear-

SHERMAN
(calls below) Anybody left down there? Hello?

No answer.

There is a FLAPPING SOUND, a SHADOW passing over Sherman-

He looks up just as a huge PTEROSAUR lands in the tree opposite him-

SHERMAN
You're not supposed to be here.

ANOTHER PTEROSAUR flaps down and settles into an even closer branch. Then ANOTHER. All three stare at Sherman. He starts to cautiously climb down-

SHERMAN
Right. I'll just be going n-

SCRAAAWWWWWWK! The first pterosaur lets out a bone-chilling noise, tiny rows of sharp teeth revealed as it opens its beak! Sherman freezes-

SHERMAN
Listen, there's a lot of bodies just lying around down there--- Dead meat- num-num-num-

The first pterosaur spreads its wings, opens its razor-toothed beak and steps along the branch toward Sherman-

SHERMAN
Nice birdy?

AERIAL SHOT - JUNGLE CANOPY

High above the jungle canopy, we hear a HUMAN SCREAM and the SCREECH of PTEROSAURS!

CREDITS ROLL.